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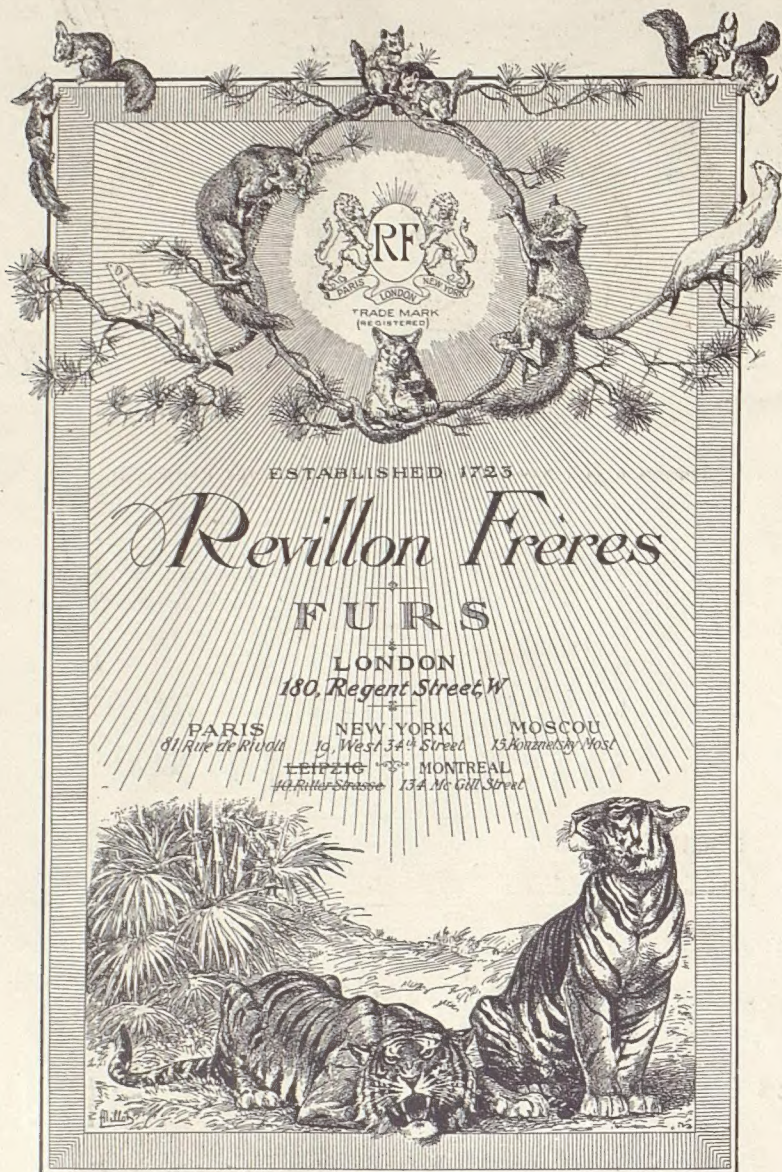
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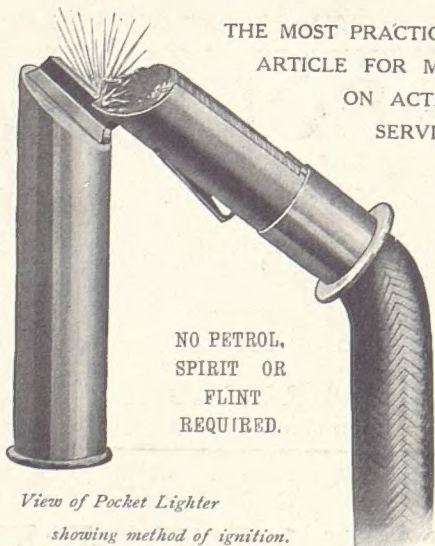
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The Sketch

No. 1136.—Vol. LXXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1914.

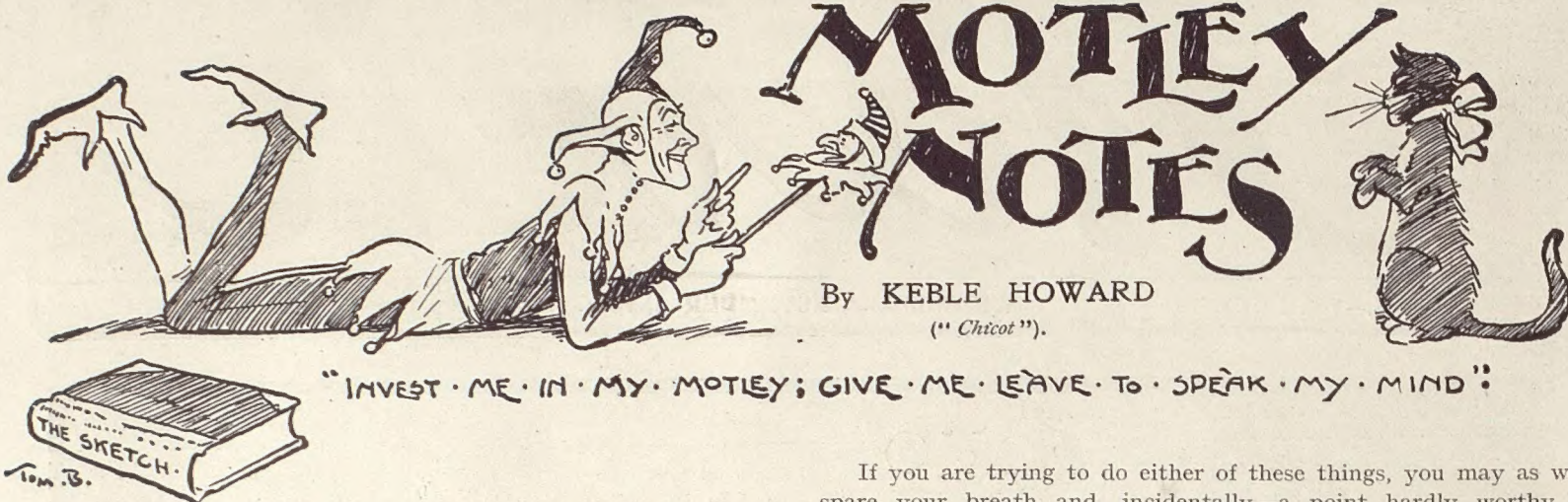
SIXPENCE.



THE GREAT GENERAL STAFF: We assure your Majesty—

KAISER CANUTE: Oh, well, if you really think it any use my sitting here I'll remain,
but I'm getting very cold feet.

DRAWN BY KATHLEEN LOW.



By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND!"

All Very Interesting.

Nobody can, with justice, accuse the Germans of not making the war interesting. There is nothing of the stone-wall batsman about their methods. The Chiefs of Staff may recommend such a policy, but the Kaiser will have none of it. He will not have it said that "War is Dull." He is the Jessop of the warring world—but not quite so successful as my young friend with the crouch. Still, William hits out, and he keeps the news interesting.

It was an interesting idea to try to get to Paris; it was almost as interesting to try to get to Warsaw; but, from our point of view, it is much more interesting of him to try to get to Calais. We all know Calais. We have all embarked there in dread or disembarked in a sodden condition. You can see Calais across the Channel! If we cannot go to the war, the Kaiser is trying to bring the war to us. We shall all have a chance, if he succeeds, of being heroes and heroines.

When the Kaiser gets to Calais, people will, perhaps, show a little more respect to the bodies of men who are training for home defence. Not so silly, after all! And the men themselves will put fresh ginger into their training. They will hear the guns across the Channel! Think of that! When I read that one could hear the guns at the North Foreland, I wanted to dash off there without delay. Now they are bringing the guns to us.

All most interesting!

A Big Little Bungle.

An expert in these matters—we are all experts, of course, but there are experts even among experts, and this is one of them—has been telling the *Manchester Guardian* just why the Germans want to get to the coast. They have, he says, four objects in view. The first three have nothing to do with us, friend the reader, but the fourth is worth your consideration—

"Lastly, to impress and overawe the resolution of the British people by aerial and other raids. The Germans are great believers in the policy of moral intimidation."

That makes me feel, in a way, sorry for them. To conquer a nation, as to conquer an individual, you must understand that nation. If the English had been taught to understand the German character, we should not now be having all this trouble with the enemy in our midst. But nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand knew nothing of German character until the outbreak of this war, and the other odd units could get nobody to listen to them. We simply did not understand the Germans, and they started, therefore, with a huge advantage.

But we have some advantage the other way, for it is equally true that the Germans do not understand us. They have no idea at all of British character. That is quite obvious when they talk about "impressing and overaweing the British people."

Mental Attitude of the British.

I hope I shall not be shot as a spy and a traitor to my country if I let the Germans into a secret or two about the British.

You can do a lot of things with a Britisher, my dear William—it is not every day that one gets the opportunity of addressing an Emperor so familiarly—but there are two things you cannot do with him—

- (1) You cannot impress him.
- (2) You cannot overawe him.

If you are trying to do either of these things, you may as well spare your breath and, incidentally—a point hardly worthy of mention—the lives of your men. Goodness gracious, we have all tried, in our small way, to impress and overawe each other. We are always at it. Look at our General Elections! Read the leaders in the popular papers! Do they impress and overawe the voter? Not a bit of it! He reads them stolidly, appreciating the point of view of the writer, and then quietly votes just as he has intended to vote for the past four years or so. That is a sample and a hint. As for being overawed, the word "awe" is practically unknown in these hopeless islands. Listen to the Tommies as they charge the enemy. What do they shout? "For God and my Home"? Good gracious, no. "This way for the early doors"!

My dear Sir, let me assure you that nothing will ever impress a Britisher except the wall of his house falling on his head, and then he would think, as he went under, that somebody was making a great fool of himself to destroy a good wall.

P.S.—I have just looked up the word "overaweing" to see whether the "e" should be left in or taken out. Unfortunately, my dictionary, which is a very good one, compiled by a Britisher named Ogilvie, and revised and greatly augmented by another Britisher named Annandale, doesn't give the word.

Take the hint, William, and cut it out.

What of the French?

So much for the British. What of the French? Some of our newspapers are doing very well by their readers in this war, but we hardly ever get tales of the heroism of the French. And yet the French are doing wonderfully, marvellously well.

The latest feat of M. Louis Paulhan is a case in point. Some years ago, I had the privilege of meeting Paulhan at a dinner in Paris given in his honour by the great Cleary. Paulhan, I found, was a very quiet little man, understanding so little English, that Cleary's speech had to be interpreted to him as it came pouring out in a wonderful medley of English, French, and American. (Poor interpreter!) Paulhan's old father sat close to the flying-man—a simple old fellow moving in a dream. I gathered that Paulhan's idea was to make a fortune as rapidly as possible, and then retire from the risky business of flying to the profitable business of making and selling aeroplanes. Certainly, of late years one has not heard much of him in the air.

But the war has changed all that. Here is the latest story of the quiet little man with dreams of domestic tranquillity—

"'We were,' says the French mechanic who accompanied M. Paulhan, 'flying over the German lines towards Amiens, beyond the range of the enemy's anti-aeroplane guns, when a Taube emerged below us from the clouds. M. Paulhan turned the nose of the machine, and downward we came until we were level with the hostile craft, and began to fire. We swung within 500 feet of the Taube, which thereupon made a wide sweep, offering a splendid target. My first broadside inflicted great damage, the Taube falling from 8000 feet like a stone. Our petrol-tank had been pierced by a bullet, but we succeeded in planing down behind our own batteries.'"

How can you de-nationalise a people like that? Absurd! You might as well try it on the stolid, annoying, persistent, not-to-be-impressed-or-overawed British!

HEROIC RULERS OF A HEROIC RACE; AND STRICKEN BELGIUM.



HOME HARMONY: THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS GIVING HER ELDER SON A VIOLIN LESSON, WITH KING ALBERT SITTING BY.

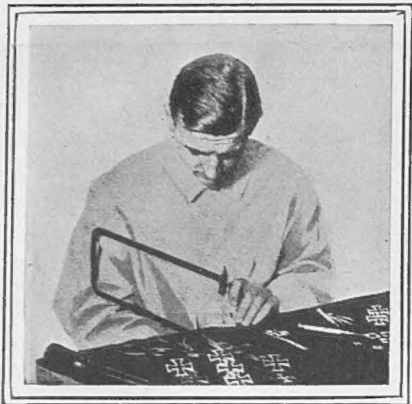
Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

"BELGIUM, 1914"—MR. J. SPENCER PRYSE'S SYMBOLIC PICTURE OF KING ALBERT'S REALM DEVASTATED BY THE GERMANS.

We understand from Major A. A. Gordon, the Honorary Organiser of the Belgian Relief Fund, that when his Majesty the King of the Belgians received Major Gordon in Antwerp recently, a proof of the above picture, which was named "German Warfare," and appeared in the "Illustrated London News" of Oct. 24, was submitted to his Majesty and met with his gracious approval. In fact, the proof itself was accepted by her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. The correct title, however, should have been "Belgium, 1914." We may add that his Majesty King Albert expressed his opinion to Major Gordon that no better title could be given to Mr. Spencer Pryse's

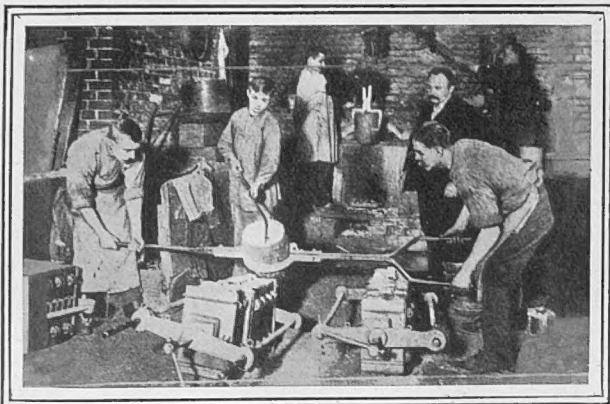
picture, inasmuch as this title, accompanied by the picture, vividly expresses how Belgium has suffered at the hands of Germany. King Albert and Queen Elizabeth have endeared themselves to their own people, and have won the admiration of the civilised world—the King by sharing his soldiers' perils at the front, and the Queen by her work for the wounded and those in distress. By the wish of her father, the late Duke Karl of Bavaria, himself eminent as an oculist, her Majesty was professionally trained as a nurse, and she has put her knowledge to practical use. She brought her three children to England after the Zeppelin bomb-attempt on the Royal Palace at Antwerp.

IRON CROSSES ; BULLET-PROOF "CHEST-PROTECTOR" ; AND —



MAKING THE IRON CROSSES IT IS DIFFICULT FOR ANY GERMAN SOLDIER TO AVOID! CUTTING OUT CROSSES WITH A FRET-SAW.

There will be little excuse soon for any German soldier who does not possess an Iron Cross ; for the Kaiser is showering that decoration on the men who are in the field fighting for him. Indeed, he is already said to have distributed over 40,000. In some



WORKMEN BUSY IN A FOUNDRY IN WHICH MANY IRON CROSSES ARE BEING TURNED OUT, THAT THE KAISER MAY SHOWER DECORATIONS ON HIS MORE "KULTUR-ED" SOLDIERS.

cases, it is reported, whole battalions have been decorated. That there may be no shortage, a foundry is specialising in the making of the crosses, and the men are working at high pressure.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.]



MAKING THE IRON CROSSES IT IS DIFFICULT FOR ANY GERMAN SOLDIER TO AVOID! STAMPING THE CROSSES.



WOULD IT WITHSTAND BRITISH FIRE? A GERMAN BULLET-PROOF "CHEST-PROTECTOR" BEING TESTED.

There has already been a good deal of talk during the Great War of the wearing of chain-armour shirts and other protection for the body, and of the probable use of a shield calculated to stop bullets. Can it be that there are Germans in the field with Herr Schaumann's bullet-proof "chest-protector"? Herr Schaumann has such



THE "CHEST-PROTECTOR" TESTED ON THE BODY OF ITS INVENTOR: HERR SCHAUMANN STOPPING BULLETS.

confidence in his invention that he stood up with the shield upon him and let shots be fired at him. It was said at the time that the "chest-protector" had been approved by the German Emperor and the German War Office ; and that it could be fired at with the strongest infantry bullets and remain undamaged.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE "RUSSIANS-IN-ENGLAND" RUMOUR : "RUSSIAN SOLDIERS" PARADING IN LONDON TO ADVERTISE A FUR BUSINESS.

The photographer who sends us this photograph says : "A prominent Russian fur merchant in London, who has seen active service at Port Arthur and at the Battle of Mukden, and has volunteered for active service with the Russian Army now fighting,

has hit upon an ingenious scheme for advertising his business. Acting upon the recent reports of Russian soldiers in England, he has sent men in Cossack uniform to parade the streets of the West End."—[Photograph by Topical.]

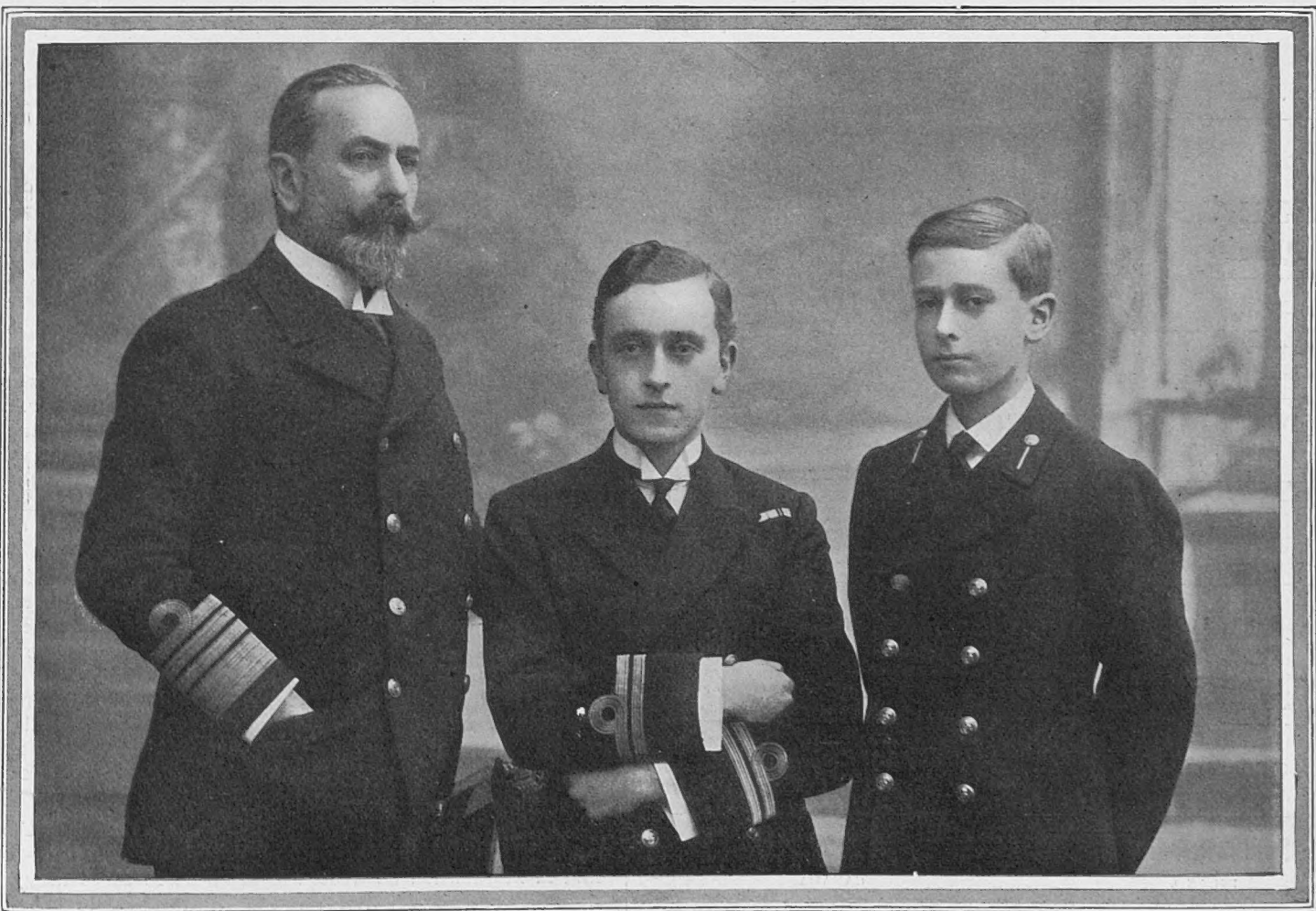
A NEW CHEVALIER; AND THE RESIGNED FIRST SEA LORD.



AWARDED THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR: COLONEL BRIDGES, WHO WON THE DECORATION AT FURNES.

Several officers in the Allied forces have been awarded already the Cross of the Legion of Honour, by M. Poincaré, among them being Colonel Bridges, whom our photograph shows driving through the Market Square of Furnes. It is reported from the war area that other honours are likely to be awarded to him for gallantry in action.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



THE FORMER FIRST SEA LORD AND HIS SAILOR SONS: H.S.H. PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG AND HIS SONS, PRINCE GEORGE AND PRINCE LOUIS FRANCIS.

On Oct. 30 it was announced that that fine and distinguished sailor, H.S.H. Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, had resigned his appointment as a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty as he felt that at the juncture his birth and parentage had the effect of impairing in some respects his usefulness on the Board of Admiralty. "In these circumstances," the Prince added, "I feel it to be my duty, as a loyal subject

of his Majesty, to resign the office of First Sea Lord." Mr. Winston Churchill, in accepting the resignation, paid a high tribute to the Prince's valuable services, and the King has directed that Prince Louis be sworn of the Privy Council. The young Princes are in our Navy; Prince George, as a Lieutenant, is serving in the North Sea, and Prince Louis Francis is a Cadet.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE sudden stoppage of the supply of musical comedies from Germany and Austria has had the result of a revival of the English article, which is quite as good, and last week "Miss Hook of Holland" and "A Country Girl" were added to the list. "Miss Hook" went very well. It was a little long, and the two leading humorists, Mr. Alfred Wellesley and Mr. Dan Rolyat, spread themselves out a little too much; but, subject to this, both were funny, Mr. Wellesley in particular, for he has a very engaging restrained style and a real sense of character. He played Mr. Hook, the old distiller, and Mr. Rolyat was the village drunkard; and Miss Gracie Leigh was back in her original part of Mina, and received a great welcome, which she fully deserved, since she is always a delightful artist. Miss Hook was played prettily by Miss Phyllis Dare; and Mr. Paul Rubens's merry tunes proved as popular as ever. It is at the present moment a little unwise to suggest contempt of Dutch soldiers, as the play does: people who know not our musical comedy may take such things seriously. But this will, perhaps, be changed.

The revival of "A Country Girl," which took place at Daly's, was a more elaborate production, but again it was a return to the popular tunes of the past. Mr. Lionel Monckton's music has been rather ousted of late by Austrian composers, but it has its real merits, and it was pleasant to hear this, one of the best examples of it, once more. And there was an excellent company. The burden of the humours of the piece rests upon Mr. W. H. Berry, and he is quite able to bear it alone; his unflagging energy is largely responsible for "A Country Girl's" success. But there are others. Miss Mabel Sealby, for instance, helps him well, and the farmyard song—the kind of song that all musical comedies had to have—went with tremendous effect. Mr. Robert Michaelis is a worthy hero—the young sailor who loves the country maid and is pursued by the Indian princess; and as the country maid who is really a popular singer Miss Winifred Barnes sings nicely and is very charming. Then there is Miss Gertie Millar, singing gaily and dancing at her best, helped by the clever little Miss Elise Craven; and the dresses are everything that we expect from a George Edwardes production. And as Mr. Edwardes had just returned safely home, all went very well.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

FEAR AS A FACTOR IN WAR: A FRENCH MILITARY VIEW.*

Morale is
Everything.

The unthinking are apt to argue that victory must always rest with the bigger and better-armed force. That is by no means the case.

An obvious superiority in numbers or in weapons may, indeed, mean the submission of the enemy, may shake his nerves, and so bring him to the knee; but it is rare for one side to be so vastly ahead of the other that it is bound to win. The matter becomes, then, one of individuality. That is why much attention should be paid to the "personal ascendancy" the Allies have secured over the Germans and the Austrians. Morale, in a word, is everything.

Fear; and Some
of Its Causes.

A very famous English leader told once of the bravest man he ever knew. He was an officer, and he confessed openly that he never went

into a fight without fear. But—when his men lay flat before a hail of bullets, he knelt; when they knelt, he stood; and he was ever first in the charge. That is the true hero: the man with imagination to know what he faces, and with the courage to see things through to the end. For few will dare to deny that the personal combat of old was an easier task by far than the impersonal combat of to-day, when a soldier may fight for many weeks without seeing an enemy. Colonel de Grandmaison wrote: "To risk life at every step for hours together is no fun for the ordinary run of men; also, whatever the foe opposing him may be like, the man in the fight has but one enemy, and that an enemy of which he speaks very reluctantly—i.e., fear." That enemy, the most difficult to conquer, is most powerful when its opponent must remain inactive. "The assault and the hand-to-hand fight are not what frighten a soldier, whether he be inexperienced or no. What makes most impression on him is the long-range fire fight, because it is still the unknown—an enemy one does not see, projectiles that arrive from heaven knows where. One cannot struggle with this invisible enemy; the danger is immense and is not to be measured; it drags itself out into long hours, and is accompanied by the most horrible din, which produces a violent reaction on the nervous system."

Remedies for Fear
in the Field.

There are, of course, remedies for fear.

Patriotism and a knowledge of fighting for the right are the greatest, and herein are the strength and the splendid morale of the Allies. On patriotism "the other elements of victory depend. . . . It is patriotism that builds up and animates armies, trains the officer corps, causes leaders to arise. When patriotism is beginning to die in a nation, that nation has but the semblance of a military force; it keeps up a more or less brilliant façade which will crumble at the first shock." What of Germany's façade? Other remedies are more definable. "Immobility, physical, moral, and intellectual stagnation surrender a man unreservedly to his emotions, whereas movement, work of any kind, tends to deliver him from them. There is every reason to keep the combatant moving, to avoid those halts which are not absolutely imposed by the intensity of the fire, and to force the pace. One must let the men shoot—one must let the men shoot. 'It is,' said Ardant du Picq, 'the safety-valve of fear, and it must be opened in order to avoid an explosion. To attempt to restrain fire on grounds of discipline is a false step, and vain into the bargain. . . . Let them shoot. To advance we must make our own skirmishers run as the Japanese have set us the example. This is also a remedy against fear. The more rapidly a man moves and the nearer he feels he is getting to the enemy the more does the keenness for the fight develop in him, the more does boldness dominate fear.'" For the same reason, the writer advocates giving the man in the firing line support a little distance in rear. Of this an officer who went through all the wars of the Second Empire said: "Every man should be able to see a little way behind him a body of troops which is following him and backing up his movements. He gets great confidence in this way, and will be brave far more readily." He believes, further, that "comparative isolation is good for the morale of a man from the time he finds himself in the zone of fire. If men are close to each other emotions are transmitted, and hyper-excitement is reciprocally induced. . . . As Ardant du Picq says, 'The marksmen who are farthest away from one another will become less dazed, will see more clearly, will be easier supervised, and will for these reasons shoot better.' If the intervals are larger, the man who falls has plenty of room, is seen by a less number of people, and drags no one down in his fall; the moral impression made on his comrades is slighter, their courage is less shaken."

A Final Note.

Good it is that, with the Allies, there remains the tradition the greatest of French soldiers had in mind when he wrote: "Keep these three things in mind—assembly of forces, activity, and the firm resolve to perish gloriously. Death is nothing; but to live, beaten and without honour, is to die every day." That thought puts fear beneath the heel—Thus we touch upon a phase of "France and the Next War," which embodies the French view of modern war. The work may be recommended heartily as a scientific, yet human, study.

* "France and the Next War." By Commandant J. Colin, of the French War School. (Hodder and Stoughton; 2s. net.)



TIRED TRAVELLERS : A HARBOUR OF REFUGE : PLAYING THE GREAT WAR-GAME.

My Belgian Cousins.

I have, as I daresay you have gathered from time to time from these columns, quite a number of French and Belgian relations, most of them cousins of various degrees. The cruel stress of the war has driven some of the ladies over to England, while all of the men who are of military age are fighting in the armies of their countries somewhere or another in France. I said good-bye at Ealing, a week ago, to a young Belgian who had escorted his wife and children, his mother-in-law and sisters-in-law, over to England, and was going back at once to Calais to shoulder a rifle and to fight with the Belgian Army on the last strip of Belgian territory held by them.

Their Wanderings.

In the sitting-room of a big house at Ealing where many Belgian families have been accommodated, I sat in the midst of a circle of my relatives from over the Channel and answered as many questions as I could as to what was likely to happen on the Continent in the immediate future. "We have travelled so much in the last months," said one of my cousins with a pathetic little smile, "that we hope the Germans will not make us move again." And indeed the poor ladies had, all of them, been kept moving from pillar to post since the day of the declaration of war. Two of them were in their own home on the borders of France and Belgium when the British Army moved up to Mons, and two British officers stayed at their house for three days. When the Battle of Mons had been fought and the Germans were advancing, they were warned to leave their home as quickly as they possibly could. They buried their valuables in a safe place, and carried away nothing more than a bundle apiece. They subsequently heard that their house had been razed to the ground by artillery fire, and that every other house and nearly every tree in the neighbourhood had been destroyed in a fierce artillery battle.

The Bombardment of Namur.

Another of the ladies was at Namur when the war broke out, and remained there until the Germans had summoned the town, when her husband sent her away to a little village on the Belgian coast to wait there until the tide of battle should turn. She, too, was only able to take away with her what she could carry with her own hands, and as she fled she heard the roar of the German guns opening the bombardment. The mother and daughters eventually met at one of the little villages near Dunkirk, and when the Germans seized Ostend and pushed along the coast towards Newport the clamour of great guns was once again in the poor ladies' ears, and they fled once more from the horrible sound, finding at Calais a boat that would take them over to England, the man of their party obtaining leave to see them safely housed somewhere in England before he returned to military duty.

Ealing Safe from Invasion. On two subjects I was able to reassure them completely. One was that

they would not wake up some cold winter morning with the dreaded sound of the great guns in their ears and to hear the tramp of German feet through the streets of Ealing. So long as the Straits of Dover are unbridged, and so long as the British Navy has command of the sea, I told them that they were quite safe anywhere in England from the great howitzers and from the grey-coated battalions. Then they asked me if I thought that the Zeppelins would come to England, and again I was able to comfort them, for I am no believer in an invasion by Zeppelins so long as our aviators watch the coasts; and if the Zeppelins did come I am quite sure that they would pay no attention to Ealing. If the ladies thought that I was an optimist in this matter, I assured them they could get ample proof that other people thought as I did.

An Old Proverb That Does Not Run True.

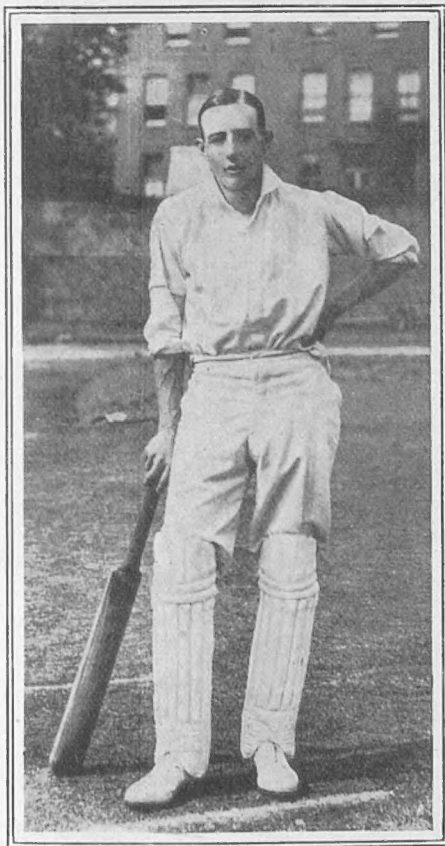
It is not surprising that ladies hunted from shelter to shelter by the Germans should be apprehensive—and, indeed, war must bring strained nerves to quite a large proportion of people whose relatives are at the front, for it is the one great game of which lookers-on do not see more than the participants in it. The Communiqués that the French Government issue and which occasionally also come from our own Press Bureau must be of necessity very guarded in their wording, for though they can tell us what the enemy is doing, it would be a false move to let us know what General Joffre and our own commanders are doing to counter the enemy's moves, for that would be to give information to the enemy. We have faith that a counter-move will be made to each of the enemy's big moves on the board; but so far as the play of our own side is concerned, the fog of war is, and must be, kept over the board until the result of it can safely be declared.

"Treating." Lord Kitchener has made an earnest and much-needed appeal to all men not to "treat" young soldiers to drink. Anyone who has been, as I have been lately, at any of the big London railway stations at night when the young soldiers go back to their camps after they have been "on pass," will know that drink has been pressed on many of the youngsters, and that they are the worse for it. Next morning, when these men go on parade, they are suffering from the after-effects and are too ill to pay any intelligent attention to their work. Every day lost in training when men are being prepared at express pace to take the field is a misfortune, and every good-natured man who thinks that he is patriotic in showing his admiration of the spirit of our young soldiers by offering them drink is doing the enemy's work by delaying the preparation of these men to take their place in the firing line.



COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE SPORTSMEN'S BATTALION : VISCOUNT MAITLAND.

Sanctioned by Lord Kitchener, the Sportsmen's Battalion is a great success, and Viscount Maitland has been appointed commanding officer. The Sportsmen's Battalion, Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) are at present drilling in Hyde Park, and, by permission of the Lord Mayor, at the Guildhall. Lord Maitland is the eldest son of the Earl of Lauderdale. He entered the Militia, 4th Battalion Royal Scots Fusiliers, 1886, served as a Lieutenant in the 2nd Dragoons, 1887; in the Scots Guards 1894; and in the South African War, 1900-1, in which he was mentioned in despatches. Lord Maitland was appointed to the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, 1903, was Assistant-Director Auxiliary Forces, 1904-8, and is Hon. Colonel City of London Yeomanry (Rough Riders).

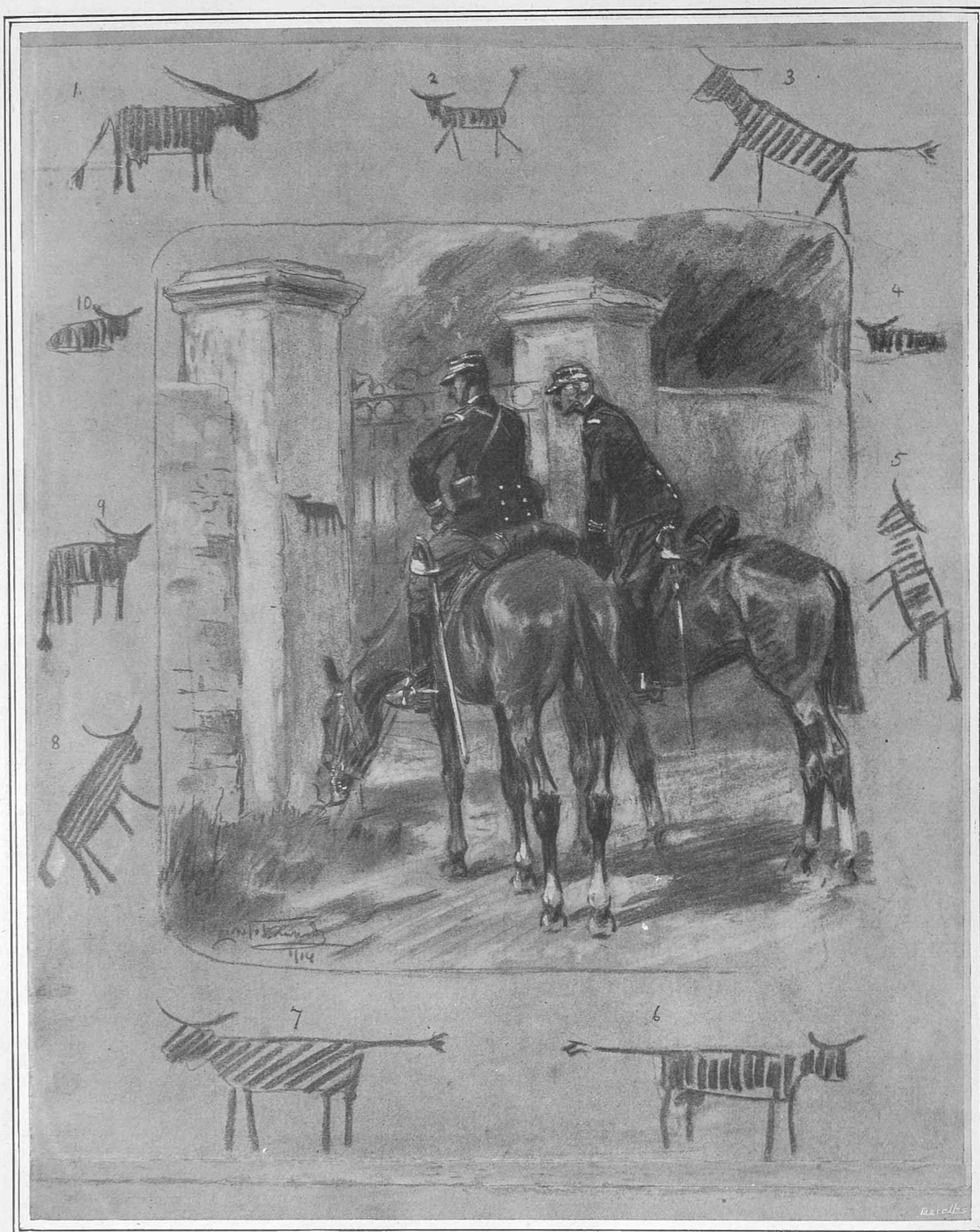


A FAMOUS CRICKETER WHO HAS BEEN WOUNDED : SECOND LIEUTENANT R. H. SPOONER.

All good cricketers will regret that 2nd Lieut. Reginald Herbert Spooner, the famous Lancashire and England amateur cricketer, figured in the list of wounded officers, and everyone will hope for reassuring news. Mr. Spooner was gazetted to the 3rd Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment on Aug. 21. He is immensely popular in the great world of cricket, and is one of the finest batsmen of the day. Mr. Spooner is an old Marlborough boy, and was born on Oct. 4, 1880.

Photograph by Sport and General.

AGRI - KULTUR : THE COW CODE OF THE GERMAN SPY.



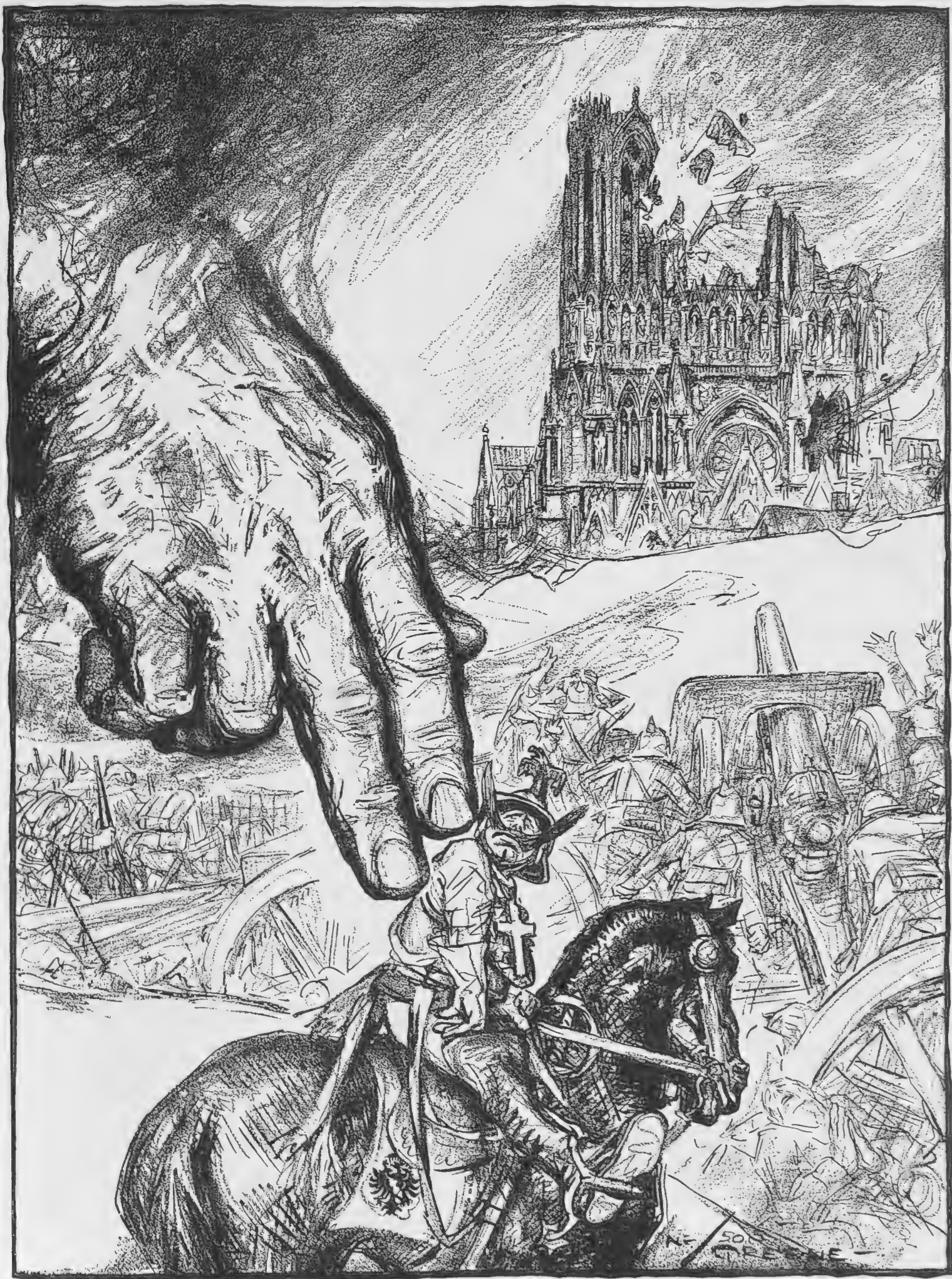
A NEW GERMAN SCRIPT! FRENCH OFFICERS DECIPHERING THE BOVINE HIEROGLYPHICS
OF THE ENEMY'S SECRET AGENTS.

It is wonderful how expressive that stolid animal, the cow, can be made by the pictorial genius of the German spy. During the war the Allied troops have been frequently puzzled by mysterious representations of cows of all sizes and in all sorts of attitudes scrawled on walls and gates and fences, and recalling the artistic efforts of a prehistoric cave-dweller, or of a naughty schoolboy on the blackboard. In reality they are part of an ingenious code used by the ubiquitous German spy to convey important information to his own side. What the precise code may be is, of course, a German secret, but an

indication as to how it works may be gathered from the following key to the various cows in the border of this page. Thus : (1) A cow with branching horns means, "Enemy on both sides of the road" ; (2) A small cow means, "Road weakly defended" ; (3), (5), and (8) A cow with head in air means, "Reconnoitre with aeroplanes" ; (4) and (10) A recumbent cow means, "Enemy in bivouac," the direction shown by the position of the head ; (6) and (7) A cow with a straight tail means, "Enemy at hand," direction again indicated by the head ; (9) A cow with tail hanging down means, "Enemy in the valley beneath."

DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS.

AS THE UNITED STATES SEE IT: THE HAND OF GOD!



THE VOICE OF THE HITHERTO "SILENT PARTNER": "INASMUCH AS YOU HONOUR ME WITH A PARTNERSHIP IN YOUR VENTURES, WOULD IT NOT BE AN ACT OF COURTESY TO LEAVE MY HOUSE ALONE?"

Drawn by Nelson Greene and reproduced from "Puck," of New York, by courtesy of that paper.

A QUARTET—INCLUDING A LIBELLED RUSSIAN PIANIST.



A STRENUOUS WORKER ON THE WAR COMMITTEE OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY: LADY WOLVERTON.



OWING NOTHING TO GERMAN KULTUR: MR. MARK HAMBOURG, THE RUSSIAN PIANIST, AND HIS WIFE.



WORKING FOR THE WOUNDED AT CALAIS: LADY LETHBRIDGE (ON THE RIGHT).

Lady Wolverton is on the War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and spends the greater part of every day at its headquarters. Both her mother, Georgina Countess of Dudley, and herself are well known for the practical interest they take in any good cause.—Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous Russian pianist, brought an action for libel the other day against a newspaper which had suggested that he was a German. In his evidence he said that both his parents and grandparents were Russian. He came to England when he was twelve, with his parents, and was naturalised along with his father. "And you don't owe anything to German *kultur*?" asked his counsel, Mr. Marshall Hall. "Nothing" (laughter)—so runs the law report. The



A WAR WEDDING: MR. G. MONTAGUE CRITCHETT AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS INNES WIEHE).

jury awarded Mr. Mark Hambourg £500 damages. His wife is a daughter of Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, G.C.B., Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor.—Lady Lethbridge is the wife of Sir Wroth Lethbridge, Bt., of Sandhill Park, near Taunton. She was formerly Miss Kathleen O'Hara, and is the only child of the late Mr. Robert O'Hara.—Mr. G. Montague Critchett, of the 9th London Rifles, is the son and heir of Sir Anderson Critchett, Bt., the famous oculist, and the nephew of Mr. R. C. Carton, the dramatist, who is a brother of Sir Anderson. Mrs. Critchett was, before her marriage, Miss Innes Wiehe, daughter of Colonel F. Wiehe.—[Photographs by Pictorial Press, L.N.A., and C.N.]

A ROYAL SANTA CLAUS — AND CHRISTMAS FAIRY.



COLLECTING TO GIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS AT THE FRONT: PRINCESS MARY.

Seasonable and sensible, as well as kindly to a degree, is the scheme originated by Princess Mary for sending Christmas presents to our brave soldiers and sailors, to reach them on Christmas Eve and remind them of home and the dear absent ones for whom they are fighting. "Doubtless," says her Royal Highness, "their thoughts will turn to home and to the loved ones left behind, and perhaps, too, they will recall the days when, as children themselves, they were wont to hang out their stockings

wondering what the morrow had in store." Princess Mary's gift will take the form of an embossed brass tobacco or cigarette box, a pipe, and a tinder-lighter. In the case of the Indian troops, sweets will take the place of tobacco or cigarettes. Each box will have embossed on its cover a special photograph of Princess Mary. All remittances should be addressed to her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, Buckingham Palace, S.W. Envelopes should be marked "Sailors and Soldiers' Christmas Fund."

Photograph by Ernest Brooks.



LADY DOROTHIE FEILDING.

LADY DOROTHIE is the gayest of nurses in the grimmest of wars. She stands as a living reproof to the fears of Sir James Crichton Browne, who believes, as he said the other night in Kensington, that there is a great deal of "affectational and emotional nursing" going on at the present time. It is the constant fear of the professional that his elbow will be jogged at the critical moment by a fainting or weeping amateur, or that she will drop the swabs and spill the water. In France, alas! there is elbow-room and to spare; nor is the fear of "emotional and affectational" nursing one of the realities of the battle-field. Women with emotions and affections do not often get very near the front, or, if they do get there, they either shed their disabilities or go home in double quick time. Nor is the truly sensitive woman, even, in the way when the time comes. The case of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland is common to many Englishwomen. "What I thought would be for me an impossible task became perfectly natural," she writes after dealing with her first batch of sufferers; "to wash wounds, to drag off rags and clothing soaked in blood, to hold basins equally full of blood, to soothe a soldier's groans, to raise a wounded man while he was receiving Extreme Unction, so near he seemed to death—these actions became an insistent duty, perfectly easy to carry out."

"Miss English."

Lady Dorothea got some part of her schooling among nuns (one aunt is a Sister of Charity) and her courageous gaiety in the face of horrors marks her as an apt follower of those "butterflies of God," the Sisters whose radiant faces shine out from a setting of flapping white linen and flying veil. In all respects she differs from Sir James's unconvincing picture; she differs no less from the French illustrator's well-established type of Englishwoman—a gaunt creature, sailor-hatted and heavily armed with teeth. Lady Dorothea conforms more nearly to the pretty *jeune fille* of Boutet de Monvel's picture-books, but with a dash of Willette's liveliness thrown in.

A Khaki Joan. "A Jeanne d'Arc in khaki," was an admiring French officer's description of her; and since Jeanne d'Arc is her chosen heroine he had the wit, despite his wounds, to say the thing that would please her most. The khaki is already famous—famous, and becoming, for the first time on a woman. It has been made into women's wear before now, but never quite successfully. One bride of last year who had a suit made of it did not wear it until she and her husband had reached the heart of

Central Africa, where only big game could pass judgment. But Lady Dorothea has faced a fusillade of cameras, and come out smiling.

Papist and Patriot. Lady Dorothea is one of the Earl of Denbigh's seven daughters, and is about twenty five years old. His family's preoccupation is religion, with soldiering and sport for chief distractions. Lord Denbigh, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, had a clerical education at Oscott, joined the Royal Artillery when only nineteen, served in the Egyptian Campaign, was wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, has been equally interested in the Royal Artillery Company (as Commander) and the Catholic Association, and was a great favourite both of Leo XIII. and Queen Victoria. His loyalty has found many outlets, amongst them being a gallant attempt to provide Buckingham Palace with trout-fishing!

He introduced rainbow-trout into the lake in his Majesty's London garden, and some months later proved the success of the experiment by catching three silver fishes in one evening.

The Girl and Her Mother.

Lady Dorothea was brought up among fishing-tackle, rook-rifles, the great trees of Newnham Paddox, and the untiring companionship of nine brothers and sisters. Her mother, no less than her father, set an example in the more exacting, daring forms of sport. Soon after her marriage, Lady Denbigh accompanied Lord Denbigh on a three months' hunting expedition over some of the roughest tracks—and even these were mostly obliterated by avalanches—in Cashmere. It is in such a record that the origins of Lady Dorothea's

pluck and hardihood may be traced, and of the pluck and hardihood, also, that enable devoted parents to approve a daughter's determination to face the dangers of devastated Belgium. That daughter was one of the first British Red Cross nurses to reach the danger-zone, and the value of her work has been incalculable.

"The Newnham Commando." From her earliest years she has been expert in the saddle. To the followers of the Atherstone Hunt the bevy of girls who used to accompany their father to the meet was known as "the Newnham Commando." Mounted on horses that generally seemed several sizes too large for them, they kept their places with the best in the field, and spills were all in the day's work. The eldest boy of the family, Viscount Feilding, was with the Coldstream Guards at the time, and a younger brother had gone for a sailor, so that it fell to the girls to uphold the Feilding ascendancy in the chase.



A HEROINE IN KHAKE: LADY DOROTHIE FEILDING, WITH THE MUNRO FLYING AMBULANCE, UNDER FIRE AT TERMONDE.

The Munro Flying Ambulance is so named after Dr. Hector Munro, who is seen on the left of the photograph next to Lady Dorothea Feilding. Describing its work at Dixmude the other day, the "Telegraph's" correspondent, Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, said: "I found the doctors, the dressers, some English ladies arrayed in the most up-to-date khaki uniforms. Their names should enjoy an immortality associated with the greatest heroines of history. . . . The splendid courage shown by these English ladies is one of the wonders of this war of wonders." Lady Dorothea Feilding is the second of the seven daughters of the Earl of Denbigh.

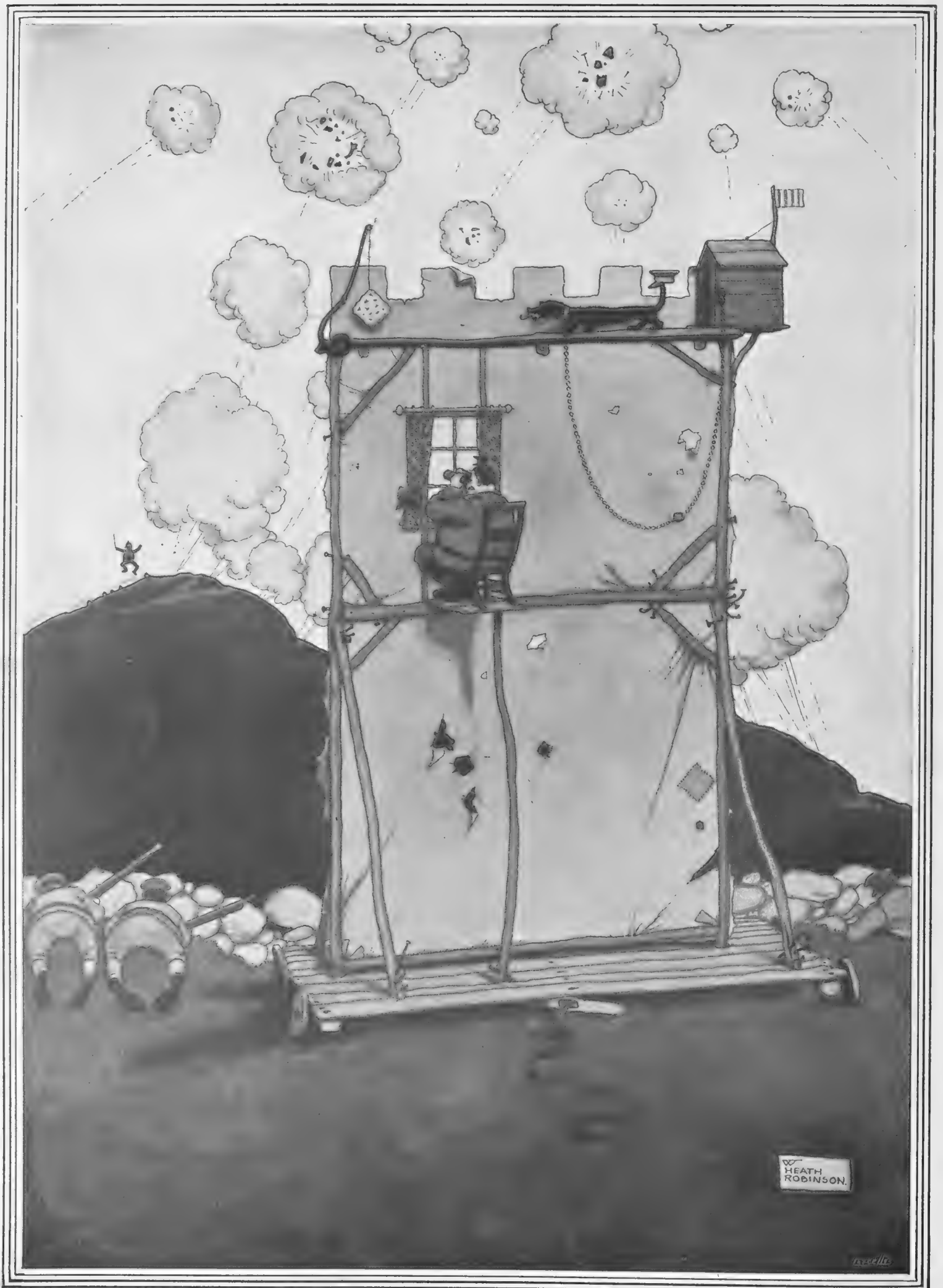
A FINE FIVE; AND THEIR PAINTER: "MENTIONED."



1. THE BRITISH Q.M.G. AT THE FRONT:
GENERAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON.
2. IN COMMAND OF THE FIRST ARMY CORPS:
GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.
3. THE BRITISH LEADER IN THE FIELD:
FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.
4. IN COMMAND OF THE SECOND ARMY CORPS:
GENERAL SIR H. SMITH-DORRIEN.
5. THE PAINTER OF THE PORTRAITS:
MR. JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.
6. LEADER OF THE 5TH CAVALRY BRIGADE:
GENERAL SIR PHILIP W. CHETWODE.

Mr. John St. Helier Lander, the distinguished artist, has painted—among those of other famous military men—portraits of Sir John French and no fewer than four of the British Generals whose names have been specially mentioned in despatches: a remarkable record, this. We reproduce the portraits in question, together with one of the clever artist. Sir William Robertson is the Quartermaster-General of the British Army in France, and, in the words of Sir John French, "met what appeared to be almost insuperable difficulties with his characteristic energy, skill, and determination." Of Sir Douglas Haig,

the British Commander-in-Chief wrote that his leadership was of "so skilful and decisive a nature" at the outset of the operations on the Aisne that it enabled the rest of the Army to maintain its position "for more than three weeks." Sir John French's matchless conduct of the campaign all the world acknowledges. "A commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination," is Sir John French's characterisation of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien; and the Field-Marshal makes mention specially of Sir Philip Chetwode's brilliant handling of the 5th Cavalry Brigade.

Kultur.

A TRAINED DOG OF WAR DRAWING THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

A GUY - SIR!



THE VISITOR: I say, old man, what on earth is this?

LITTLE SMITHKINS: That? Oh, that's my Kaiser. Whenever I think of Louvain, or atrocities and things, I go and knock him off his bally pedestal.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

SOME DRESSES: "BY JINGO! IF WE DO" GOWNS.



1 MISS MABEL RUSSELL AS MARJORIE MERRIDEW, IN THE SONG "NUTS."

2. MISS MABEL RUSSELL AS MARJORIE MERRIDEW.

3 and 4. MISS KATHLEEN CLIFFORD AS ESTHER BROWN.

"By Jingo! if we do—!" the Empire's new revue, is having considerable success. Much of it is topical, in the sense that it deals with war.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE King has again broken the long round of inspection by a week-end at Sandringham. But the new month brings another budget of camp engagements, and nothing will be allowed to interfere with them. A rest inevitably means that his Majesty has been working hard, and that he sees hard work ahead. The other day he was at Canterbury and Sittingbourne; a little later he found himself in Bedford—for the first time. His Majesty was intent on nothing but his Army, but found a moment in which to remark that he had never seen the town before and to note in passing its characteristic buildings and situation.

A Narrow Shave. The Duke of Roxburghe has the satisfaction of making his recovery in his own house. Though the War Office wisely refrains from offering a diagnosis on any of the innumerable cases that come its way, it is fairly generally known that the Duke's wound is going well. It seems to have missed a vital part by something less than an eighth of an inch; but nowhere is a miss so good as a mile as in the human anatomy, and the result is a severe but not a dangerous injury.

The Arch-Gunners. The guns of London are masked with canvas, and their whereabouts mysterious; only a few men know anything about them. Among the knowers is Viscount Maidstone, and though it might be indiscreet to give a secret and an unusual office a name, or to proclaim its commander, one may go so far as to say that the young Peer has the defence of London at his fingers' ends. He knows whence the fire will be directed at the Zeppelins, he knows the chances of a miss or hit. Perhaps he even guesses where hostile air-craft may be brought down—along with its inconvenient basketful of bombs!

Our Smartest Ally. When the Marquis de Granville Place (the street of his choice) last Wednesday, the posters in Orchard Street greeted him with the news of Portugal's participation in the war. He scrutinised the headings, but bought no paper. The telephone,

in such a case, forestalls the war editions; and the white gloves, immaculate hat, and the general air of being *en fête*, as if the days of Manuel's monarchy and Edward's race-meetings were returned, suggested that M. le Marquis had received approved news. Queen Amelia of Portugal, by the way, is in France with an ambulance. She nobly joins a group of women who have been all the more eager to render help by reason of their own tragic memories.

Bombs in a Tea-Cup. "Do come to tea before a Zeppelin blows up our new house at

five o'clock next Wednesday," runs an invitation from a General's wife. Its recipient, after a moment of horror, decided that it was the tea and not the explosion that was timed so nicely. At any rate, he went to tea; and nothing but tea happened!

A Salute in Chubland. One day the son of a British Foreign Minister gets a commission; the next day a British Ambassador's son enlists. Sir Rennell Rodd is the latest father to learn the pride of having a boy in the ranks. Truly, the tables of precedence in the younger generation are overturned; and the business of taking and giving salutes is the token thereof. And in the matter of saluting it is generally the officer who feels embarrassed. Two members of a club much frequented by artists (to take a case in point) are now preparing for the front, one with a commission, one as a private. They are friends, but, as chance has it, the private is rather the better painter, and, in all externals and by training, rather the better soldier. The day after the officer got his uniform he visited his club, where, sitting in the smoking-room with a group of friends, was the private. Without a moment's hesitation, the sitting man sprang to his feet, drew his heels together, and saluted. "I never felt so ashamed in my life," confessed the officer.

Lord Castlerosse's Wasp. So large a majority of the wounds our men bring home with them are in the hands that it is interesting to gather explanations. One wounded man tells me that his injury was due to his own impatience. "Like the fool I am, I hoisted myself up out of an uncomfortable position by putting my hand on the top of the trench. It was hit immediately, and I had to wait four days before I found a doctor to amputate the finger." Lord Castlerosse also makes a confession. He was under cover, but hit out at one of the wasps which, during the first weeks of war, were very keen about English rations. He missed it, and reached out again in the air, to be stung—by a bullet!

Quick Work. Last news from eye-witnesses of sons and brothers killed at the front is always welcome, and never so welcome as when it tells that death came swiftly instead of slowly. This was the case earlier in the war with Percy Wyndham, and last week Lord Ralph and Lady Anne Kerr heard, as a supplement to the brief official telegrams, that their son David Kerr was killed instantaneously by a bullet in the forehead. Officers, inasmuch as they make a better mark, are much more often mortally wounded than their men, nor do they shirk the extra ill chance. "Don't take unnecessary risks," said a father to his departing son. "The risks are ready made," was the answer."



WIFE OF A NEW MINISTER AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES: MME. DA FONTOURA XAVIER.

The handsome wife of the new Brazilian Minister, who will shortly present his credentials to King George, is a lady of special interest just now, as it was from the Brazilian Government that we acquired the three monitors which have done such splendid service in the Battle of the Coast. Senhor Antonio da Fontoura Xavier is the first foreign Minister to be appointed to the Court of St. James since the commencement of the War.—[Photograph by C.N.]



TO MARRY AN OFFICER IN THE INDIAN ARMY: MISS VIOLET MASSEY. Youngest daughter of Mr. William H. Massey, M.I.C.E., of Twyford, Berks, Miss Violet Massey is to marry, this month, in Rangoon, Captain A. B. Porter, 6th King Edward's Own Cavalry, who is a son of Colonel A. Porter, M.D., I.M.S., and Mrs. Porter, of 26, Collingham Place, S.W., and a grandson of the late General Mark Kerr Atherley, Colonel 2nd Gordon Highlanders.—[Photograph by Adams.]



NEW KEEPER OF THE KING'S PRIVY PURSE: SIR FREDERICK PONSONBY.

Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederick ("Fritz") Ponsonby was always one of the most courteous of officials. He was Assistant Keeper of the Privy Purse, and Assistant Private Secretary to Queen Victoria, and held the same positions to King Edward VII., and is Equerry-in-Ordinary to King George.

Photograph by Tarponier.



TO MARRY MISS VIOLET MASSEY: CAPTAIN A. B. PORTER, 6TH K. E. O. CAVALRY.

Captain A. B. Porter, who is to marry Miss Violet Massey this month, in Rangoon, is the son of Colonel A. Porter, M.D., I.M.S., and Mrs. Porter, of 26, Collingham Place, S.W., and a grandson of the late General Mark Kerr Atherley, Colonel 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaghten.



SMALL TALK



PRESENTER OF A SON AND HEIR TO HER HUSBAND, THE TWELFTH VISCOUNT: LADY MASSAREENE AND FERRARD.

The wife of Viscount Massareene and Ferrard was, before her marriage, Miss Jean Barbara Ainsworth, daughter of Mr. John Stirling Ainsworth, M.P. for Argyllshire, and has a daughter, the Hon. Diana Elizabeth Margaret Skeffington, born 1909.

Photograph by Bassano.

Snead-Cox of last week's Roll of Honour, his father being Mr. J. G. Snead-Cox, editor of the *Tablet*. Mr. Snead-Cox, by the way, has in some sort added the barque of St. Peter to the British Fleet. His defence of the First Lord is one of the most vigorous and able that has appeared, and his regular consideration of the naval and military situation has given a peculiar flavour to the pages of his ecclesiastical weekly. It is the leading organ of the Catholic body in England, and that body finds itself extraordinarily well posted on all aspects of the war. Mr. Snead-Cox has two other sons engaged on his Majesty's service—one in the Army, one in the Navy.

"The Isle of Wight." The good spirits of the more prosperous refugees is the constant

A FEW weeks ago was told in these pages the story of a young officer laid up by a polo accident. The King, visiting a military hospital, paused at the young man's bed, looked at his chart, told him when his Division and regiment were going out to the front (his Majesty has all Army details at his fingers' ends), and finally wished him a speedy recovery and "Bon voyage." The doctors, however, were less optimistic than the patient, and inclined to discourage so quick a return to duty. But the young man would not be discouraged; his keenness triumphed in the end. He was, he said, well and hearty when General Capper's Brigade left for France, and he went with it. He marched seventy miles in four days, had one day's fighting, and was killed on Oct. 20.

Mr. Snead-Cox. The name of this eager and insistent officer, though not mentioned in my former paragraph, is now public property. He was the Lieutenant Geoffrey

escort refugees to her home in the Isle of Wight got them only as far as Charing Cross. When they heard their destination they decided to turn back. "The Isle of Wight!" they exclaimed. "Mais, c'est trop triste!"

Patriotism in the Pantry.

—from Belgium. One household near Hyde Park Corner has been much upset by a butler's broader reading of the word. He asked if he might leave in order to enlist, and was refused. He did enlist, however, and left without ceremony. When she heard of it, the lady of the house (on whom, as it happened, a daughter-in-law from the country was calling)

In some feminine hearts patriotism would seem to begin with knitting socks and end with entertaining refugees—and "not the roughest"



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN GEOFFREY BOWES-LYON: MISS KATHERINE SELBY-BIGGE.

Miss Selby-Bigge is the daughter of Sir Lewis Amherst Selby-Bigge. Captain Bowes-Lyon, of the Black Watch, is the son of the Hon. Francis and Lady Anne Bowes-Lyon. The wedding has been unavoidably postponed, as Captain Bowes-Lyon has left for the Front.

Photograph by Bassano.

ordered the staff into the dining-room that she might address them on an action so grossly "inconsiderate and ungrateful." Her lecture over, she turned to the young relative: "By the way, dear, have you ever seen the servants' quarters?" she asked. "I detest such ingratitude. There is a waste-paper basket for each of them!"

Pride of Conquest. Mr. Jim Barnes, the American whose adventures in Belgium included the succouring of Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, is back in America. He passed through London (with a visit to Sir Edward Grey thrown in) on his way home, and has left many interesting anecdotes in his wake. One of these tells of an encounter between a Brussels policeman and a young German officer.

Mr. Barnes was sitting in a café opposite a municipal building that flew the



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN W. MARK HORE: MISS LUCY MABEL ANNING.

Miss Anning is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Anning, of Pencisely House, Llandaff, South Wales.

Photograph by Fraser.



A LADY WHOSE HUSBAND, LIEUTENANT W. DU CROS, IS GOING TO THE FRONT IN THE MOTOR-AMBULANCE CONVOY: MRS. W. DU CROS; AND HER SON.

Sir John French has accepted a motor-ambulance convoy for the front. It will consist of 41 ambulances, 2 travelling workshops, 3 stores lorries, 3 officers' cars, and 10 motor-cycles, with a personnel of 5 officers, 8 non-commissioned officers, and 136 men. Each officer contributes his own car, and will serve during the war without pay. The column will be taken out by Captain George du Cros, Lieutenant W. du Cros, and Lieutenant Lyne-Stephens.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

marvel of their hostesses, and, since good spirits are so valuable a possession in time of trial, we must respect the methods by which our Belgian friends maintain them. Their principal prejudice is against the country—or, rather, against "real country." They like provincial towns of a certain size, or a suburb

Belgian flag, when the German drove up and asked the guardian of the door to let him pass in that he might haul down the flag. On the Belgian explaining that the flag flew by authority and refusing to allow an entrance, the German tried to push past, but was knocked down. He rose, and tried to push past again, but being up against a local Carpentier, was felled a second time. Now comes the curious point: finding himself worsted, he got into his motor and drove away, amidst the jeers of the crowd. Such is the price of conquest in a city which has to be kept in good order. A shot on either side, and tumult (strictly forbidden by the German commander) would have ensued.



ENGAGED TO MISS LUCY MABEL ANNING: CAPTAIN WALTER MARK HORE.

Captain Hore, of the Welsh Regiment, is the only son of the late Captain Hore, J.P., of Upton, Co. Carlow, and of Mrs. Hore, of Cleddau, near Haverfordwest.

Photograph by Fraser.

that gives fairly easy access to Bond Street. A friend of mine who has a somewhat lonely mansion in Norfolk can persuade only the poorer exiles to visit her. "Ah, Madame," say the others, "a thousand thanks, but it is so far!" And a lady who offered to

A LONG, LONG WAY FROM TIPPERARY.



THE HYDE PARK ORATOR: As for this place Nietzsche they talk so much about — Where is it?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



OLE JARGE put down the baler and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. A few fish-scales transferred themselves from the back of his oakum-coloured hand to his venerable brow. "T'aint no use," he murmured. "'Er's nigh twenty year' ole—come nex' month. Tar ain't no use neither. 'Tis new strakes 'er's wantin'." He thumbed the seams of the old boat that lay on the shingle, with the outgoing tide still lapping round her stern. "An' new strakes do cost tarrible lot." He sat puffing his clay pipe, and transferred his gaze from the bottom of the boat to the whitewashed cottages huddled under the lee of the cliffs. A tall figure was moving about the nets that festooned the low wall in front of the cottages.

Ole Jarge removed his pipe from his mouth, substituted two fingers of his right hand, and gave a long, shrill whistle. It was a disconcerting performance; for one thing, you associated the trick with irrepressible boyhood, and, for another, the old man squinted slightly as he did it. As a matter of fact, he had learned it on the Dogger Bank fifty years before; fog-bound in a dory, it was a useful accomplishment.

Young Jarge straightened up, raised one hand in acknowledgment of the summons, and came crunching slowly across the shingle towards the boat. Ole Jarge sat smoking in philosophical silence till his son was beside him. Then he removed his pipe and spat over the listed gunwale.

"'Er's daid," he observed laconically.

Young Jarge bent stiffly and tapped the seams inside and out, much as a veterinary surgeon runs his hand over a horse's legs.

"Ya-a-ais!" he confirmed, and sat down on the stem of the old boat. "'Er's very nigh's ole's what us be," he added, after a pause, and commenced shredding some tobacco into the palm of his hand.

Ole Jarge nodded. Then he lifted his head quickly. "'Er's bound tu last 'nother year." For the first time there was concern in his voice. Adversity does not grip the mind of the Cornish fisher-folk suddenly. It filters slowly through the chinks of the armour God has given them. Cornish men (and surely Cornish maids) were kind to the survivors of the wrecked Armada. It may be that they, in their turn, bequeathed a strain of Southern fatalism to many of their benefactors.

"'Er's bound tu," repeated Ole Jarge. He got ponderously out of the boat and removed a tattered sou'-wester to scratch his head with his thumb-nail—another trick that had survived the adventurous days of the Dogger Bank. The unfamiliar note of anxiety in his father's voice stirred Young Jarge. He rose to his feet with perplexity in his dark eyes, mechanically pulling up the bleached leather thigh-boots he wore afloat and ashore, "rainy-come-fine" . . . Inspiration had come, as it does to men of the West, once the need is realised to the full.

"Du 'ee mind that there li'l' ole copper boiler—what come out o' Granfer's house when 'er blowed down—back tu '98?" asked Young Jarge slowly.

Ole Jarge nodded.

"S'pose us was to hammer 'n out flat like, an' nail un down to bottom, 'long wi' oakum an' drop o' white-lead—what du 'ee say?"

Ole Jarge silently measured the area of the sprung strakes with the stumpy thumb and little finger of an outstretched hand. Then he puckered his forehead and stared out to sea, apparently making mental calculations connected with the li'l' ole copper boiler.

"Ya-a-ais!" He replaced the piece of perished tarpaulin that had once been a sou'-wester on his head, and set off slowly across the shingle towards the village. Young Jarge followed, staring at his boots as he walked, after the manner of all great thinkers.

"Us 'll hammer 'n out after tea," said Ole Jarge over his shoulder. His great, great, very great grandfather would have said "Mañana!"

The setting sun had tipped the dancing wavelets with fire and was glowing red in each pool left by the receding tide when Ole Jarge emerged from his cottage door. In one hand he carried a hammer, and in the other a tin of white-lead. Young Jarge joined him with a small square copper boiler in his arms.

"Where 'll us put 'un tu, feyther?"

Ole Jarge set off across the beach in the direction of the boat. "Bring un along!" he commanded, in a manner dimly suggestive of a Lord High Executioner.

Young Jarge followed, and dumped his burden down alongside the boat.

"Now!" said Ole Jarge grimly; he spat on his hands and prepared to enjoy himself. Bang! Bang! Bang-a-bang! Bang!

went the hammer. Young Jarge sat down on the gunwale of the boat and contemplated his parent's exertions.

"It du put Oi in mind of a drum," he said appreciatively.

II.

"Now we can talk!" Margaret settled her back comfortably against a ridge of turf and closed her eyes for a moment. "Isn't it heavenly up here: the wind smells of seaweed, and there must be some shrub or flower"—she opened her eyes and looked along the cliffs—"there's something smelling divinely; wild broom, is it?" Her gaze travelled along the succession of ragged headlands and crescents of sand formed by each little bay of the indented coast. The coastguard track, a brown thread winding adventurously westward among the clumps of gorse at the very edge of the cliffs, drew her eyes further and further from her companion. In the far distance the track dipped sharply over a headland where the white-washed coastguard station stood, and was lost to view. She turned and smiled at the man beside her. "Now we can talk," she repeated.

Deering smiled back, and his brown hand closed over hers, resting between them on the turf. "I'm so glad to see you again," he said, "that I can't think of any of the million things I wanted to talk about!"

As if by common consent, they had discussed nothing but generalities during the five-mile walk that brought them to this sheltered hollow in the cliffs. The woman was, of the two, perhaps the more reluctant to bridge the years that lay between to-day and their last meeting. Yet, woman-like, it was she who spoke first.

"Tell me what you have been doing. Tell me about yourself, Trevor. Your letters—yes, I know; but you never talked much about yourself in your letters. You were ill, weren't you, four years ago? That was when you were in China. Then you were two years in the Mediterranean; and then you were in command of a destroyer at home, and you were promoted—aren't you the youngest Commander in the Navy? Oh, Trevor, tell me things! The day won't be long enough to hear all the things I want to!"

She was spoiling him again, as she used to spoil him seven years before. But these years had shorn his masculine egotism of much of its magnificence. Then, he would have responded with a rush of words, sweeping her along with him on the flow of his recorded doings, opinions, aspirations. . . . Now, he pressed her hand and shook his head. "No, you tell first."

"There isn't much to tell, dear." She gently withdrew her hand and interlaced her fingers round her updrawn knees. Her grey eyes were turned to the sea, and Deering watched her profile against the sky, studying the pure brow, the threads of silver appearing here and there in her soft brown hair, the strong, almost boyish lines of mouth and chin. *En profile* thus, she looked very like a handsome boy.

"I've been teaching at one of those great Training Institutes for girls in the North. The Principal, Miss Dacre is her name—" Margaret paused, as if expecting some comment from her companion; none came. "Pauline Dacre—she was at school with mother; they were great friends, and when mother died she offered me a home . . . They paid for me to go through a course at the London Polytechnic—I learned things—"

"What sort of things?"

"Oh, cooking and laundry, and hygiene—Domestic Science, it's called." Deering nodded. "And then, when I knew enough to teach others, I went to—to this place; I've been there ever since. And that's all!" Her chin went up in the tiniest indication of defiance.

Deering studied the traces of overwork and strain that showed in the faintly accentuated cheek-bones and painted little tired shadows about her nostril and eyelids.

"No, it's not all. You broke down from overwork. Those brutes—"

"S-s-sh!" This time her hand sought his. "Trevor, no! They were goodness itself. I—I"—she coloured, as if accused—"I got a little run down . . . that was all. But I've saved some money—I can afford a rest. I'm what is called 'an independent gentlewoman of leisure' for a while." She laughed, a little gay laugh.

"But you're not going back there again?"

She looked at him with frank surprise. "Of course I am, silly! What do you think I am going to do with the remainder of my days—crochet? Embroider slippers for the curate? Trevor, you wouldn't like me to come to that in my old age, would you?" She spoke with gentle banter, as if to fend off the outburst she knew was coming. He beat down the brave foil.

[Continued overleaf.]



COLONEL JOHN BULL: "I believe in having plenty of reserves
and in getting them in good condition."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "You are quite right—that's been *our*
policy since 1820."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

"Margaret, my dear girl, you can't possibly go back to that life again—how can you? Shut up in a sort of convent. . . . You can't be a school-marm all your life—you were meant for other things. . . . I suppose you have to sleep on a hard bed and get up in the dark when a bell rings. There are no carpets, and they don't give you enough to eat, as likely as not. . . . It'll kill you! Besides, why should you sacrifice yourself like this? It's the sort of work anyone can do, teaching kids to mangle—"

She thought of the letter she had received that morning, a spontaneous, affectionate tribute to her influence and all her work in the last seven years. It was written by a woman whose name, perhaps above all others, has been called blessed by women throughout the kingdom for the last generation. Margaret had brought it with her, meaning to show it to him. Now she changed her mind.

Deering stormed on, dealing battle-axe strokes, waxing eloquent as his imagination pictured the harsh, cloistered surroundings where Margaret (his Margaret, he told himself) "taught things." At length, half-laughing, half-vexed, she cut him short.

"But, Trevor, I had to *live*. I had to have a home. . . . There wasn't a penny left when mother died." Her intelligent, thoughtful eyes met his calmly. Not a hint in them was there of reproach—nor, indeed, of consciousness that things might have been otherwise, had he behaved . . . a little differently. "And besides, dear, I—" She hesitated, and coloured again a little. "It is not easy to say, but they seem to want me—my influence. . . . Miss Dacre said it was doing a service to the Empire. . . . Do you see, Trevor?" He made no reply, staring out to sea with sombre eyes. Gaining confidence with his silence, she continued the shy unfolding of her ideals. "Nothing is too good for boys; no training is high enough, because they are to be the builders and upholders of our Empire. Don't you think that little girls, who are destined some day to be the mates of these boys, should be prepared in a way that will make them worthy to bear their share of the burden? They have to be taught ideals of honour and courage and intelligent patriotism, so that they can help and encourage their men in years to come. They must learn to cook and sew, and the laws of hygiene, so that they can make the home not 'an habitation enforced'—as it is for so many women—but a place where they can with all honour bring into the world other little girls and boys. . . ." She drew her breath quickly. "Ah, that is not a thing anyone can do, teaching all that! It must be someone who gives all—who has no other claims upon her, and who gives herself gladly . . . as I have."

Deering turned his head to speak, but checked himself.

"This is a time of grave anxiety, isn't it?" she continued gently, as if explaining something to an impatient child. "You naval men ought to know: there is talk of war everywhere—of war with Germany. They say we are on the brink of it to-day—" The man nodded. "Supposing it came . . . and you were recalled—how do they recall you? Sound a bugle—beat a drum?"

Deering smiled gravely. "Something of the sort—no, not a drum; a bugle perhaps."

"Well, we'll suppose it is a drum. One somehow associates it with war and alarms—would you hesitate to obey?" He refrained from the obvious answer, and plucked a grass stem to put between his teeth. "You would obey, wouldn't you, because it is your duty? Will you try and realise I shall be only answering the drum too when—when I go back?" Unconsciously she put her hand to the bosom of her dress, where she carried the letter she had brought to show him.

The breeze that strayed about the floor of the Channel fanned their faces and set the bright sea-poppies nodding all along the edge of the cliffs. The sun was low in the west, and a snake-like flotilla of destroyers crept out across the quiet sea from the harbour hidden by a fold in the hills. Deering watched them with absent eyes, trying at the same time to bring his companion into a new mental focus, endeavouring to readjust his conception of her as she sat beside him. The wind had loosened a strand of her hair, and she was busy replacing it with deft fingers.

"You feel they have a claim upon you?" he said suddenly. "Their need—"

"Yes." She nodded. "Because they need someone—" She broke off and raised a slim forefinger, holding her head sideways to listen—the way women and birds and children seem to hear better. "Hark! Did you hear? How odd! Listen, Trevor!"

He brought himself back with an effort. "Hear what?"

"Listen, silly!"

He listened. "I can hear the waves along the shingle."

"No, no! . . . There—now!"

"Oh! . . . Yes, I can hear. . . . It sounds like a drum."

"Trevor, it *is* a drum, somewhere out at sea! How odd, when we were just talking about drums. Hush! Oh, do listen. . . ." The sound, borne to them on the light wind, seemed to grow nearer; then it waned till they could scarcely catch the beats. Anon it swelled louder: the unmistakable "Dub! Dub! Rub-a-dub! Dub! . . . Dub! Dub! Dub!" of a far-off drum. Margaret shook his sleeve. "Of course it's a drum. It can't be anything else, can it?"

"It's Drake's drum!" he announced with mock solemnity. "There's a legend in the West Country, you know—"

"I know!" She nodded, bright-eyed with interest, and rose to a kneeling position to gaze beneath her palms out towards the west. The sun had set, and a thin grey haze slowly veiled the horizon; already the warm after-glow was dying out of the sky. "He has 'quit the Port of Heaven,'" she quoted, half-seriously, playing with superstition as only good women can, "'And he's drumming up the Channel!' They say it foretells war—that noise." Margaret gave a little shiver, and rose to her graceful height, extending both her ringless hands to him. "It's getting chilly—come!"

As she stood there, smiling gravely down at him, it occurred to Deering that in her attitude all their old relationship was symbolised. Throughout their long friendship she had always been so ready to hold out her hands with encouragement and understanding; in fact, she had been almost too generous, giving of herself prodigally, all her quick intelligence in the interest that was ever around and about him: sympathy, wide and deep as the sea, his without the asking. . . . She hadn't meant to spoil him. It was Margaret's conception of friendship.

Friendship with a woman, said a great writer once, requires on the man's part an almost feminine delicacy of intuition. . . . Deering, in his lusty, virile manhood, had accepted Margaret as he accepted his superb health or fine weather. He had had to do so little to awaken her applause; the brave consolation of her smile was his in every check and disappointment. Indeed, this and more was his still; but as he rose to his feet and faced her serene, friendly eyes he knew a change had come into their friendship. In the very poise of her head there was a new sense of confidence, both in herself and her destiny: the lips she had suffered him to kiss at parting seven years before were as remote from him now as the snows of Everest.

For a moment the desire of natural man for the unattainable swamped all other feelings. He mastered it, and a sudden need, poignant and unfamiliar, took its place. Words, a tempest of them, rushed to his lips—and died there.

"I think I understand," was all he said, "something of their need—the need of the children for such as you. It's on your forehead, as the Arabs say. It—I—" He released her hands and turned abruptly towards the sea. The sound that resembled a distant drum had ceased, and there was only the faint surge of the waves on the beach far below.

"Too late," they whispered, "too late, too late. . . ." It was the only sound in all the land and sea.

In the whitewashed coastguard station a mile away the bearded occupant on duty was finishing his tea. The skeleton of a herring lay on the side of his plate, and the petty officer was scouring the centre of it with a piece of bread (preparatory to occupying it with damson-jam) when the telephone-bell rang. A man of economical habits, he put the bread in his mouth, and, rising from the table, picked up the receiver.

" . . . Portree Signal Station—Yes."

" . . . 'Oo? Yes."

He stood motionless with the receiver to his ear, his jaws moving mechanically about the last of the piece of bread. Outside the little room the wind thrummed in the halyards of the signal-mast; the clock over the desk ticked out the deliberate seconds. A cat, curled up by the window, rose, stretching itself, and yawned.

" . . . Prepare to mobilise. All officers and men are recalled from leave. Detailed orders will follow. Right . . . Good-bye." He replaced the receiver and rang off. Then, still masticating, he executed a species of solemn war-dance in the middle of the floor. "Crikey!" he said aloud. "That means war, that do! Bloody war!" He snatched up a telescope and ran outside, still talking aloud to himself after the fashion of men who live much alone. "I see a bloke an' 'is young woman along there this afternoon. I'd ha' said he was a naval officer if anyone was to ask me. . . ." He scanned the hills through his glass for a moment, and then set off along the track that skirted the edge of the cliffs.

Margaret saw him first, a broad, blue-clad figure, threading his way among the gorse-bushes. "Another day we must have a longer walk," she was saying in her gentle voice, "and then it will be your turn to tell things to me." She broke off to watch the coastguard hurrying towards them. "Does that sailor want to speak to us, do you think, Trevor? He seems in a great hurry."

Deering stopped and looked. "It's the coastguard," he said; and side by side they waited for him.

He drew near, wiping his face with a vast blue-and-white spotted handkerchief, for he had been running. "Beg pardon, Sir," he called as he came within earshot, "but would you be a naval officer?"

"Yes," replied Deering, "I am—why?"

The man saluted. "There's a telephone message just come through, Sir: 'Prepare to mobilise. All officers and men recalled from leave.'"

Deering stared at him. "Where did it come from—the message?"

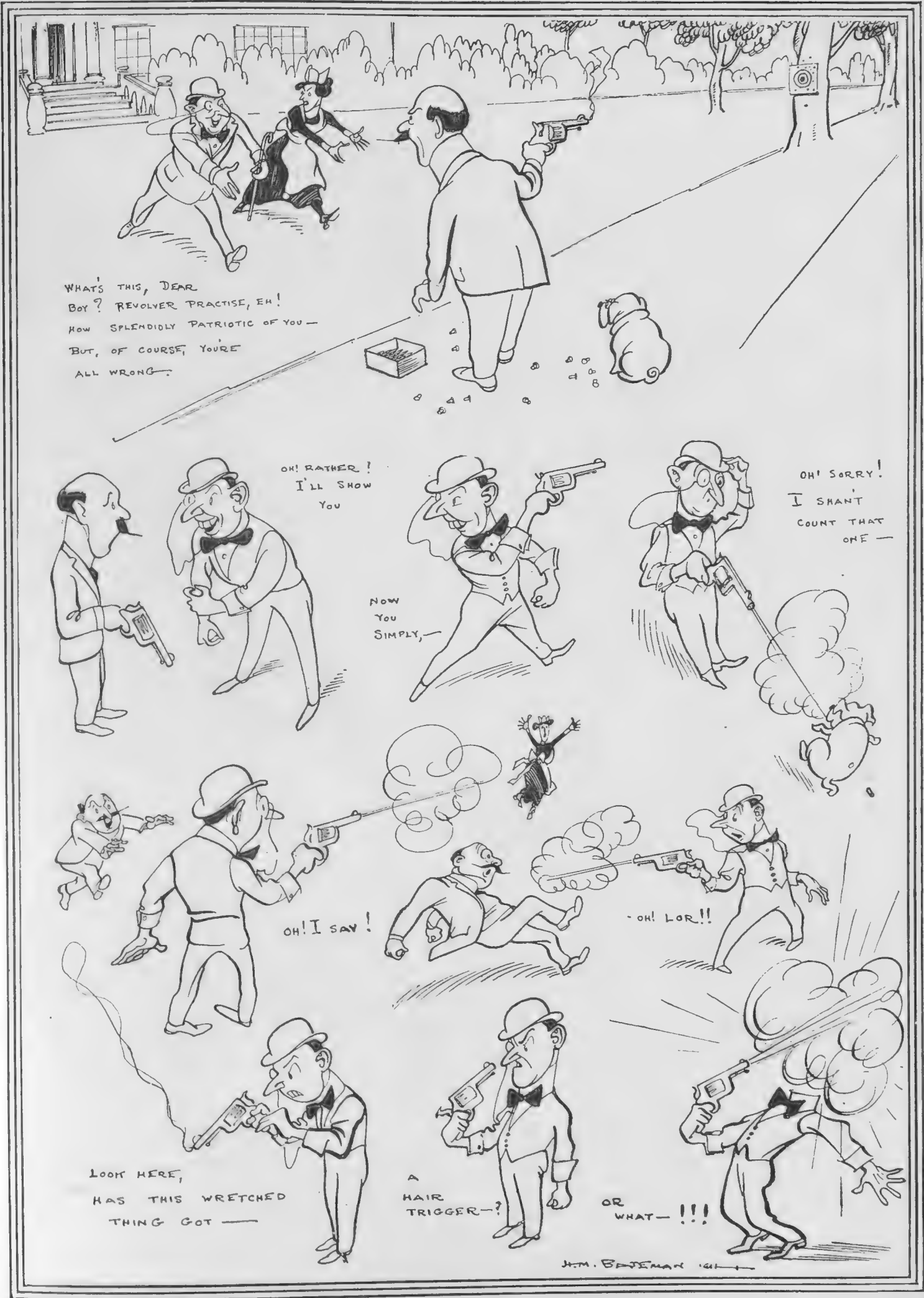
"From the Port, Sir. I was to warn anyone I saw out this way—"

"Right, thank you. I'm going back now." Deering turned towards Margaret. "Did you hear that?" There was a queer note of exultation in his voice.

"Yes," she replied quietly. "The Drum!"

THE END.

THE MONITOR.



AUTOMATIC, BUT NOT FOOL-PROOF: A WAR-DRAMA IN NINE FITS.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

A Suffrage Ambulance-Car.

When the modern woman takes up a scheme nowadays she usually brings to it a singular clear-headedness and minute attention to detail. Thus it will happen that the ambulance-car which is the gift of the London Society for Women's Suffrage will be one of the swiftest, most comfortable, and best equipped at the front. There is to be accommodation for four wounded men lying down and for a considerable number of slightly wounded who are able to sit up. But the chief feature of the Suffrage car is the comforts which will accompany it—its beautiful soft blankets, pillows, thermos flasks, hot-water bottles, spirit-kettles, as well as such medical and surgical stores as bandages, chloroform, ether, all contained in lockers beneath the stretchers, with a complete list of the contents, so that they can be replaced directly they are used up. Other features are the stretchers with reclining backs and the soft mattresses for couches. As a gift coming entirely from women, it is singularly efficient and even luxurious. A small brass plate inside bears the inscription: "Presented by the London Society for Women's Suffrage."



AN AUTUMN CREATION.

A costume of Russian-green cloth trimmed with red fox fur and self-coloured buttons.

The Reappearance of the Monitor.

Great surprise has been felt in England at the appearance of the flat-decked monitors which have been assisting our forces so handsomely in the great struggle for the coast. These effective light war-ships were built for work on the Amazon River, and were promptly acquired by Government when war broke out. But they are no new implement of sea-battle. The monitors appeared first in the great American Civil conflict, and were designed not as ocean-going ships, but to do just what they have been doing lately—to assist in land operations by coming close to shore and shelling trenches. They are, indeed, of a fascinating originality. When I was in New York a few years ago I made a special pilgrimage to the Naval Dockyard at Brooklyn in order to see one of these strange sea-fowl.

I do not know whether these ships are still in use in the ever-changing American Navy, but at that time their visitor was so interested in the details of the monitor that the high naval officer showing her round demanded of her escort, with American mock-gravity, if "Great Britain had sent an unofficial representative of the Intelligence Department of the Navy?" It was, indeed, a unique experience to stand on a battle-ship of such light draught, and so flat on the level of the water that the contents of the great dock nearly wet one's boots. They are not intended for rough seas or long voyages, but did most effective coast-work during the long struggle between the North and South in the middle of the last century. Thus it is that, by a curious stroke of fate, in spite of submarines and air-craft, this old-fashioned and almost obsolete vessel has suddenly leapt again into fame, and will take its place in history.

The Chivalry of the Sea.

It is a strange but undeniable fact that fighting on the sea makes men chivalrous, for even German commanders of cruisers have shown humanity and courtesy to British crews whose ships they have sunk in the Eastern seas. Probably this arises from our insular tradition in these matters, for, as conqueror of the waves, Britannia has been able to set the fashion in maritime warfare, and the peoples who have followed us in our naval armaments must needs assume similar obligations to those which obtain in the British Navy. And what of the deadly warfare under the waves, of the submarine and her fearful projectiles? In the life-and-death struggle involved in below-water attacks, it must be impossible for the combatants to exhibit the same kind of humanity which is possible on a large ship with ample means for saving life. We know very little, too, at home, of the deadly battles in the air which are daily taking place. Is there, one wonders, a code of military ethics for use in the ether, and is a falling, wounded enemy immune from further attack? When we really hear the true accounts of this newest of all battle-fields—that of the high heavens—we shall stand amazed at the story of man's audacity and courage.

Tipperary—and Its Geographical Position.

For once exhibiting a nice sense of humour, the War Office have been recently sending German prisoners to Tipperary—a place of which they will many of them have heard during the fighting on the Marne, the Aisne, and the Yser. To the weary and exhausted German prisoners it must seem an unduly long journey to this town in the centre of the south of Ireland. They probably expected a sea-voyage across the English Channel, but a second and more tempestuous one over St. George's Channel must have been a somewhat bewildering experience, and given the more imaginative disquieting thoughts. It is said that all men who stay long enough in Erin become good Irishmen, and if this war drags on, as it probably will, these unwilling citizens of Tipperary may yet become ardent and fiery Nationalists or followers of the Sinn Fein.

Tipperary—as a Song.

From the first moment one hummed it over, many of us must confess to a secret fondness for this famous battle-song. It had a wistful appeal of its own, with its allusions to the allurements of the town and the shy charm of the Irish girl in the green island; moreover, it was simple, effective, easy to march to, and absolutely without military swagger or pretension. And now we have the testimony of one of our leading British composers, Dr. Ethel Smyth, that "Tipperary" is, what I always thought it, an uncommonly effective and even musically popular song.



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Reliable Manufacturing



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STREET · W ·

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British



[A Timely Word to the Ladies.]

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To the Generous-Hearted

A gift of Wolsey garments to the wounded, the refugees, or our brave fellows away on land or sea, will—these cold days—be more welcome than ever.

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THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Our Belgian Guests.

England's hospitality is unstinted, and the poor Belgians who are resting here after their experiences of horror and carnage in their own martyred country are being shown every attention. In the village where I live, which has of late years blossomed out into something of a residential neighbourhood, thirty-one refugees are variously distributed. One family are among the rich upper class of their country—at the moment they have only a tiny income; others belong to the middle working class; others, again, are peasants. So we come in contact with Belgians of different classes. All are so grateful to England: the richer family are so charmed to have a roof over their heads and tranquillity; the middle working class family are also very comfortable, and happy to be safe, but crave for employment; the peasants are happiest of all, for they escaped from horrible cruelty and awful privations—the latter was attested by the doctor who examined them soon after their arrival—and they are now well housed, well fed, and well clothed. The two men, both over military age, get some odd jobs sawing wood, which pleases them; a little of what they earn they have for pocket-money, and the rest they like greatly to contribute to the fund for their support.

For Letters Home.

Our men at the front love when time allows—seldom enough—to write home. Their officers censor their letters, which come through with little alteration, for they are instructed beforehand what topics must be avoided. The Hieratica Works are issuing very neat, compact



LIFE-SAVING COINS: THE "LUCKY NUMBER" 3.

Fighting in France, a German soldier, named Gottebeht, was struck in the chest by a bullet. In his pocket he had a small purse containing the three coins which we illustrate. The badly damaged condition of the coins—one cracked, one shapeless, and one rent in half—would suggest that the soldier's life was saved by the fortunate interposition of this little purse and its contents.

Photograph by C.N.

Service pads containing paper, envelopes, post-cards, and pencil, of a size to fit into a soldier's pocket; these are sold for 6½d., and are useful gifts to send to those at the front or give to those going there. There is a larger pad for 1s., on the cover of which is a really fine design of regiments of the Army; five different designs are obtainable. Should any difficulty be found in obtaining these compact and useful pads, a card to the Hieratica Works, Hill Street, Finsbury, will elicit information as to the nearest stationer who has them.

A Comfort and a Help to Cure.

Among the comforts that are enormously appreciated by the hospital authorities is Taylor's Cimolite, which is so splendid a preventive of bed-sore and rawness from chafing, and roughness from lying for a long time in one position. It is a highly soothing and emollient powder, and, being non-absorbent and entirely free from all harmful ingredients, it can be used with perfect safety in all cases. Starch, violet powder, Poudre de Riz, oxide of zinc, or bismuth should in such cases be avoided. Cimolite is really synonymous with comfort.

A London Linen Hall.

So great has been the appreciation of the London public of the fine business established by that splendid old Belfast firm, Robinson and Cleaver, in Regent Street, that a magnificent new Linen Hall in the new and extensive premises acquired by them will be opened this week. The site covered by the Regent Street premises is 31,000 square feet. The premises are really dignified and imposing; every possible modern improvement is introduced, together with perfect harmony and proportion, and perfect taste has been exercised. The result—a specialty store of which London can be justly proud. Linen and all white goods can be best appreciated in good daylight: the great domed glass roof supplies this in the largest degree. As Robinson and Cleaver's name

and fame are synonymous with the finest value in Irish linen, and the fabric goes straight from manufactory to customer with no intermediate expenses, it is of immense advantage that so splendid and suitable a place for its inspection should be provided. A special sale, offering good opportunities to the firm's London clients, began this week by way of inaugurating the fine new premises.

Extremely Fortunate.

In one way at least we may think ourselves fortunate. Those of us who love beautiful furs made into the most up-to-date, becoming, and smart of wearing apparel are assured that our requirements will be met in the nicest and most satisfactory way, for Révillon Frères have a full supply of Paris models. Many were happily in readiness before war broke out,

and were got over on the eve of the declaration. Others have, with some difficulty, been brought over since. This is, happily, true of muffs and stoles and smaller furs, as it is of coats. The feeling is for three-quarter-length coats, with skirts much fuller than before. These are most becoming and stylish garments, and their linings also strike a note of distinction. There will, unfortunately, be an unprecedented demand for black furs—caracul, broadtail, astrakhan; and a black natural musquash which is really a deep, rich brown will also be in favour. There is a wonderful variety in styles at this noted house, the very name of which calls up to the imagination a remarkable and exclusive collection of fine furs from all parts of the world. A few clients are asking for coats even shorter than three-quarter length, and there is a great demand for pony-skin coats. They look well, wear well, and are of a price that is feasible when demands on incomes are so many and so compelling.



A ROMANCE OF THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: LIEUTENANT JACK L. WILLIAMSON AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY Mlle. CHARLOTTE S. JOSSE).

The Canadian Expeditionary Force had scarcely landed at Plymouth before one of the gallant officers, Lieutenant Jack L. Williamson, met, and promptly fell in love with, a charming young Frenchwoman, Mlle. Charlotte Suzanne Josse. On Oct. 26, the happy young couple were married by special license at St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, by the Vicar, the Rev. A. W. T. Perowne. Our picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Williamson leaving the church amid a shower of confetti—and good wishes.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



"COUNTRY GIRLS"—OF DALY'S—AND THE WAR: WORKING ON THE STAGE FOR THE TROOPS.

It was a kind thought of the girls rehearsing "A Country Girl," at Daly's, before its recent revival, to spend their intervals of "resting" in making mittens and mufflers for the use of our soldiers during the coming winter. Very charming they look, perched up on the old country wagon, and our soldiers will appreciate the fact that they were not forgotten.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

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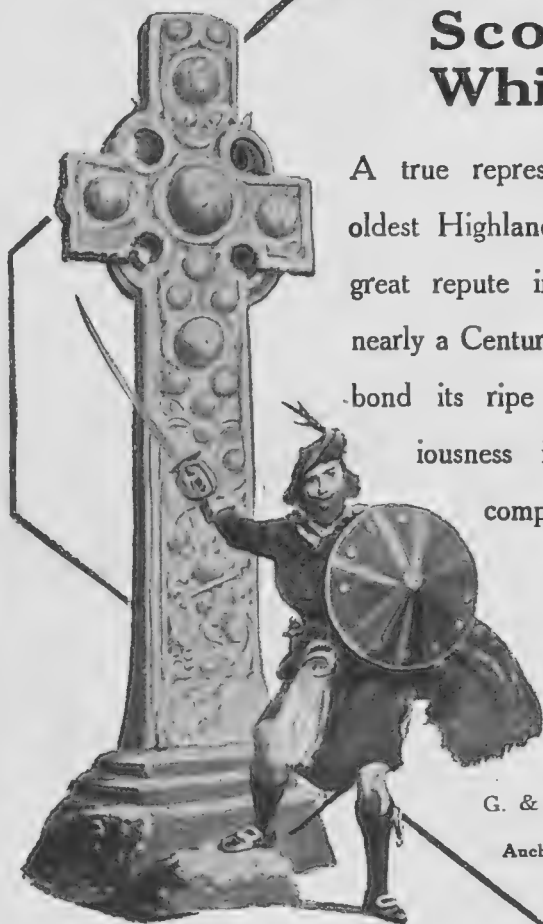
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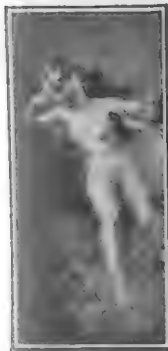
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November 4, 1914.

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.



MOTOR AMBULANCES FOR THE FRONT: SOME GEOGRAPHICAL HOWLERS.

A Splendid Gift. Many hundreds of motor ambulances have been provided by private benefaction for use both at home and abroad, but by far the most striking example of individual effort is the convoy of Mr. Arthur du Cros, M.P. It consists of no fewer than forty-one ambulances, fully equipped, together with two travelling workshops, three officers' cars, and ten motor-cycles. All these have been brought together by Mr. du Cros, aided by his friends, and made a fine show when they were paraded for official inspection in Richmond Park. The distinctive character of this convoy, however, consists not only in the manner in which it has been assembled, but also in the fact that it is to form a special column for the British Expeditionary Force. It will work in the actual firing line, and pick up wounded men from the trenches and take them with the utmost expedition to the field-hospitals. Never before has anything of this kind been attempted, and, in addition to awarding high praise to Mr. du Cros as the organiser of the convoy, the British public will recognise at once the courage of the officers in command—namely, Captain George du Cros, Lieutenant W. du Cros, and Lieutenant Lyne-Stephens, who have voluntarily entered upon this most hazardous undertaking, as well as providing their own cars and serving without pay.

More Cars Wanted.

Those who appreciate this fine display of patriotism, moreover, have an opportunity of expressing it in a practical manner. Mr. du Cros is making still further efforts with a view to providing a similar convoy for the Indian and Colonial forces, and will be grateful for promises of additional ambulances or subscriptions, which should be addressed to him at 14, Regent Street, W. The first convoy is already on its way to the front, and let us hope that a second one may soon be provided and follow right speedily. It is interesting to note that the subscribers to the first convoy include well-known firms in the motor industry, among whom may be mentioned the Dunlop Rubber Company (six cars), the Wolseley Motor Company, the Rover Motor Company, the Austin Motor Company, the Swift Motor Company, the Motor Traders of Manchester, and the Cycle and Motor Trade of Ireland. The Anglo-American Oil Company and the Irish Automobile Club have each provided three cars, and among other subscribers are Sir William Goff and Sir Joseph Beecham, Bt.

More Geographical Howlers.

A fortnight ago I took occasion to refer to the way in which the war has shown up the fallibility of our map-makers. Certain newspaper men would also be none the worse for a little travel, or at least refreshing their memory from their geographical primers. Anyone

call attention to a dangerous corner or level crossing; at other times they merely embody a silent request to slow down at the entrance to the main street, and on emerging from the cluster of habitations the motorist finds himself greeted with an expressive "Merci" as a reward for his consideration. Then, of course, the Touring Club de France has also erected a number of useful signs at more or less dangerous spots. Imagine the consternation, therefore, of touring motorists when they read the other day a description



CAPABLE OF CARRYING SIX WOUNDED MEN: A BIG ROLLS-ROYCE CONVERTED INTO AN AMBULANCE-CAR.

This capacious motor-ambulance, holding six stretchers, was converted from a private Rolls Royce car of the largest type belonging to Mr. Budgett, who is seen in the photograph. It forms one of the British Red Cross Society's motor-ambulance convoy in Paris.

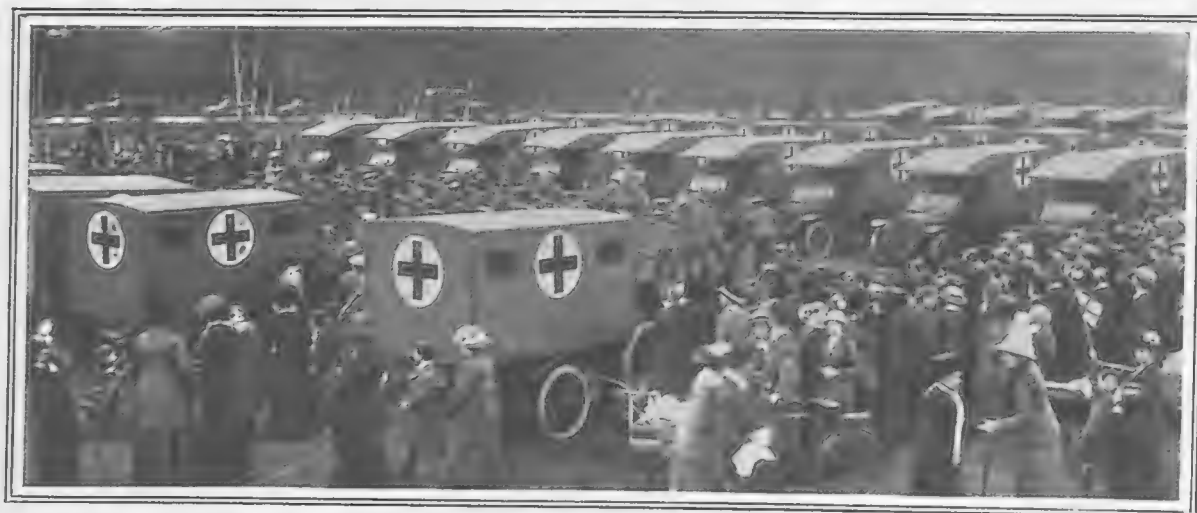
Photograph by Sport and General.

by a war-correspondent of a road journey in France, in the course of which he passed through the villages of "Ralentir" and "Virage"! One wonders if he also encountered the hamlets of "Passage à Niveau" or "Tournant Brusque." One must admire, nevertheless, the man's courage in venturing upon a journey without, apparently, knowing a modicum of French. Another humorous howler was that of the motoring correspondent of an evening paper who described the S.A.V.A. cars as being built at Anvers, "a suburb of Antwerp." There is obviously something radically wrong in the

teaching of geography in our schools. If we must give names of our own to foreign towns, at least our teachers might call the attention of their pupils to the cases where the English spelling differs from the local.

Bohemia in Germany! To bring the matter to a point,

what should we ourselves think of a Frenchman, travelling from Dover to the Metropolis, if he asked people the way to "Londres," or, if going further north, for "Edimbourg" instead of Edinburgh? The teaching of political geography is robbed of half its value unless it enables the people of any country to ask their way about when travelling in another land than their own. Perhaps the most astounding display, however, of editorial oversight is that which was indulged in the other day by a very sapient daily paper. In a prominently displayed article, in large type, it referred to Bohemia as a part of Germany!



THE FIRST MOTOR-AMBULANCE CONVOY OF ITS KIND TO BE USED IN BRITISH WARFARE: THE DU CROS UNIT OF THE A.S.C. MOBILISED—AND DRILLING—ON PUTNEY HEATH.

This motor-ambulance convoy has been accepted by Sir John French for service at the front. It was stated last week that it would go out at once, in charge of Captain George du Cros, Lieutenant W. du Cros, and Lieutenant Lyne-Stephens, each of whom has contributed his own car, and will serve during the war without pay. The convoy, which forms a permanent unit of the Army Service Corps, and, to quote Colonel A. du Cros, "is the first of its kind to be used in British warfare," comprises 41 ambulances, 2 travelling workshops, 3 stores lorries, 3 officers' cars, and 10 motor-cycles, with a personnel of 5 officers, 8 N.C.O.s and 136 men.—[Photograph by Topical.]

who has driven a motor-car in France will know that nearly every town and village has signposts at either end which have been erected by the benevolence of the great Michelin tyre firm. Sometimes they

TO BUSINESS AS USUAL



THANKS TO
BEECHAM'S PILLS

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours."

By F. WARRE CORNISH.
(John Murray.)

"It leads nowhere," one may say, wandering up some little stream; but the flowers gather in groups unafraid, because the water lies so gently along its banks, and footsteps over the grass are rare. All the pageant of the weather rides overhead, and Dr. Cornish has a fine eye for piled-up clouds full of light, the bulbs that burst, the tiny fibres that stretch themselves, the flame of crocuses, the June snow of the elderberry. Such serene notes of beauty decorate his scholarly essays upon life in a minster town, making decorative capitals to the dignified prose of its existence. The book takes its name from Dr. Ashford, material and kind and paradoxically dogmatic, but it owes its inner being to Savile, his crippled friend, and those "Quisquilæ" of his, "the Dustbin," as he explained the phrase, the sweepings of what he modestly called "an ill-kept mind." If Savile, too shy for much social revelation, revealed himself in these charming notes on spring or a tea-party or ambition, just as much, one must believe, belongs to the mind of the author. They leave an impression of a mentality so delicate and wise, where the scholarship clothes itself in charming veils of sympathy or beauty, that "Dr. Ashford" must go on another shelf than that devoted to the better novels. It really belongs to *belles lettres*; scarcely an event more dramatic than the coming of spring, one or two quiet developments of social relationships, no passion, and a great deal of philosophy—all informed by odours of that kind of sentiment which, as Dr. Cornish finely says, "keeps off the commonplace, as camphor keeps the moth from clothes." When Savile catalogued an old book in the Chapter Library, he enjoyed that sense of time as it slips away which comes of making the minutes fruitful. "It is fruitful labour to make a good score at cricket, or to plant a seed which may grow into a tree, or to write a business letter . . . you have done something with Time. Mrs. Carlyle made the world resound with her dusting; that was not well, but dust of all kinds has to be combated, and it is waste of time itself to lament the time so spent. Else a housemaid's life, which perishes in the using, would be, not what it is, a priestlike ministry, but a foolish wastefulness. Diminish the number of necessary things, but do not regret time spent in what had to be done, or money spent in what had to be bought." Then follows the significant story of the Englishman who said to the Mohican, "I have no time," and was answered by the Mohican, "Why? You have all there is." Duty in regard to time is not to be a dogma. "The sailor must be vigilant and alert, the shepherd is doing his duty as he sits upon a hill and pipes"; to him, as of old, may come the angelic message. And this suggestive entry on work and leisure in Savile's diary comes fast on March 21, with a paragraph beginning: "It has been a still March, but as cold as January; the birds have

lost their spirits, everything is backward; the daffodils in the lime-walk turn their heads, just pointed with gold, all one way, as if they were expecting something; I hope it is the south wind, to blow those yellow pencils into flame. . . ." "Dr. Ashford and His Neighbours" must not only find a place in our library among its peers of a receding age—it must be taken down more than a few times, for equal pleasure and profit.

"Perch of the Devil."

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON.
(John Murray.)

As an experienced novelist, Mrs. Atherton will appeal to experienced readers with her "Perch of the Devil." But, new as it is from the press, the world was a different world when it was written. She has chosen the gold-fields and an imaginative geologist for her story because, "barring the rapidly decreasing numbers of explorers in the waste places of the earth, the last stronghold of the old adventurous spirit that has given the world its romance" is to be found with these dreamers after wealth or in the bold imaginations of the modern business man! (Ah, how we have changed all that in three short months!) In spite of the considered charm of her theme, the real interest of Mrs. Atherton's book will, however, be found in the miner's wife, Ida. She is a remarkable study of the raw American material—vulgar, shrewd, infinitely adaptable, and withal so capable that she carries the prize, and very rightly so, over sensibility and culture. When she won her victory and grabbed her man back from the other competitor, her husband said admiringly, "You are an extraordinary woman." But Ida returned lightly, "Oh, she hasn't yet been born, in spite of the big fight women are putting up. . . . But they've made a beginning, and one day they'll really be able to take men as incidentally as men take women." She also "guessed" when we understand all the different brands of love we'll vaccinate and be immune. This will be an evil day for our novelists, however.

In our gratitude for the splendid work which is being done by our Army at the front, a generous response to the appeal of Viscount Hambleden, Chairman of the King's College Hospital, at Denmark Hill, should be made at once. Already some four hundred of our wounded are receiving expert care in this admirably equipped building, and much good work is also being done for ordinary sufferers. But both can be greatly extended if Lord Hambleden's urgent appeal for £50,000 to complete the hospital meets with the prompt reply which it deserves. It will also employ a large number of workmen now that the building strike is over, and so help to keep down distress. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Appeal Secretary, King's College Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.

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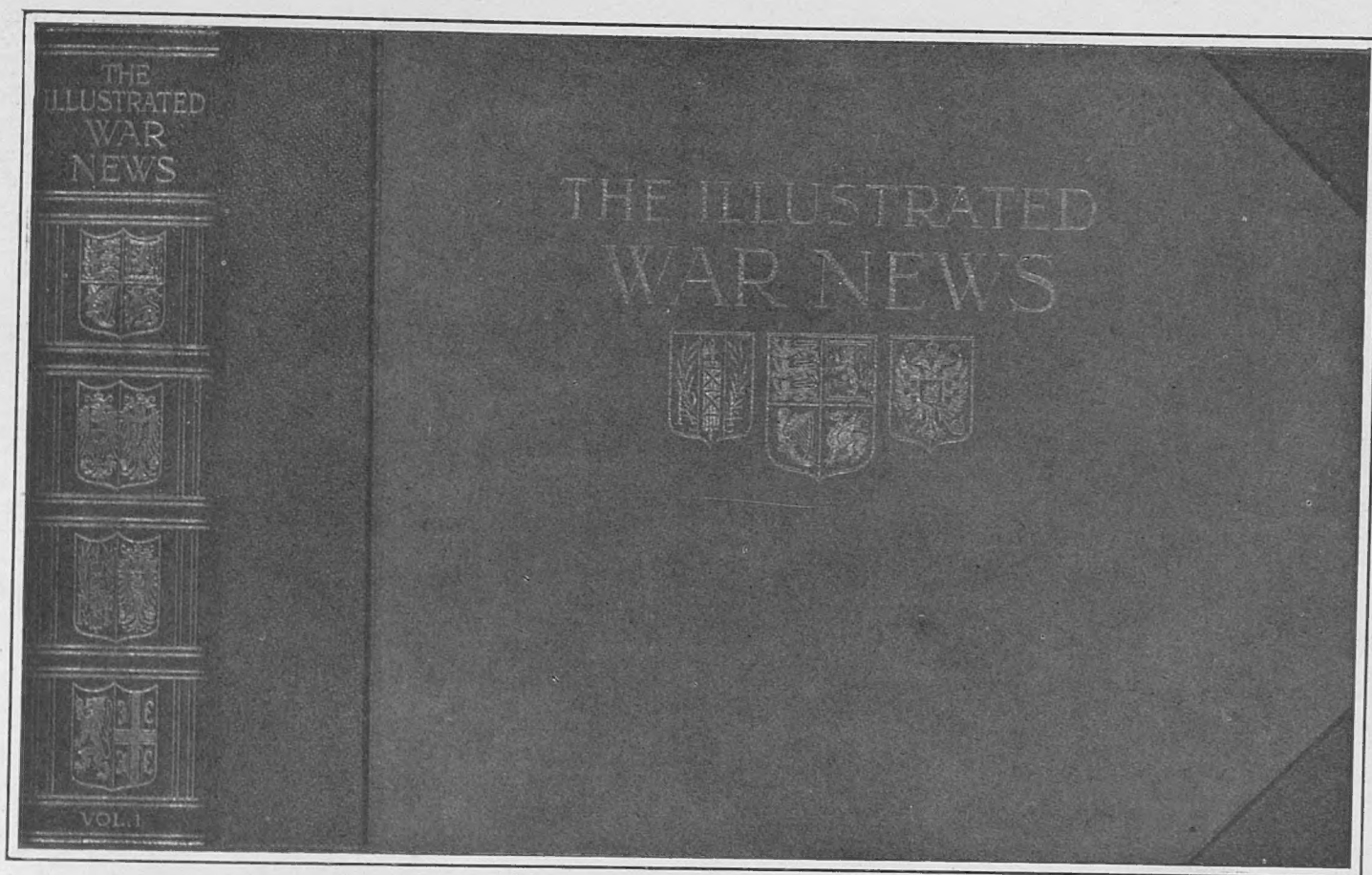
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